

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

ORGANIZATIONS for the referendum fight, which will close in December, are being completed by both the publicans and the prohibitionists. The former are asking the hotelkeepers to empty out their cash registers to the extent of a hundred dollars apiece that there may be "stuff" enough to make things howl along to victory. On Tuesday night an organization meeting was held by the Prohibition Union of Toronto at the Central Y.M.C.A., which in point of numbers and enthusiasm was by no means the big thing that was expected. The raising of money was left with the executive committee, which may be a much more influential body than on the surface it appears to be. Among those who delivered addresses was a gentleman variously reported as Rev. Mr. Brown and Rev. Mr. Brown, who somewhat incoherently exclaimed, "Let us throw politics to the devil. In the name of God make a row." He seems to belong to that particular type of clergyman who likes to get as near using cuss words as possible—a type which it seems to me is only restrained from open and undisguised profanity by clerical conventionalities. It does not seem to me necessary to throw politics to the devil, nor that anybody should make a row. Unfortunately, those who want a prohibitionary law so badly that it almost makes them swear, rarely succeed in anything but making a row. They disturb politics, get the hair of the people up on end, and seldom succeed in accomplishing anything except the putting back of real temperance work fully ten years by every campaign they engage in. If Rev. Mr. Brown, or Brown, is to be permitted to set the gait and form the war-cries of the referendum fight, it is probable that many of the more staid and peace-loving citizens who are in sympathy with prohibition will hang on to their politics and keep out of the row. The list of officers published in connection with this organization meeting is already sufficiently devoid of the names of even representative men, and it is questionable whether such foolish sayings will prove attractive to the better class of those who think that intoxicants should be suppressed by statute.

METHODISM has apparently voiced its opinion through the General Conference recently held at Winnipeg, in favor of retaining the rule against dancing, card-playing, theaters, etc. That this rule is very much of a dead letter is admitted by all the leading men of the Conference, but it has apparently been decided that its removal would appear to be an endorsement of what is now formally but not actually prohibited. As the cartoon on this page suggests, the fence is kept high, but the gate—laxity of discipline—is left wide open. The retention of a rule which is not enforced seems to me to be indefensible. Every member of the Methodist Church is forced, either tacitly or in terms, to accept such a rule as binding, and the fact that it is not considered binding and is disregarded every day and everywhere lends color to the charge that Methodists profess much and practice much less. Bishop Vinton, of the Western Massachusetts Diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church, recently said: "The creation of artificial sins has been the bane of Christianity in all ages," and commenting upon this, "Zion's Herald," an independent journal of the same denomination, remarks:

"This is painfully true; and perhaps no denomination has been more blameworthy in this respect, with all of its good qualities, than the Methodist. From our earliest history we have been creating extra Biblical sins, interpreting, or rather misinterpreting, the spirit and mind of the one Teacher and Exemplar, and condemning and declaring those acts which come wholly within the nature of individual conscience to be sins. Like the Pharisee of olden times, not content with the Decalogue, we have added ten times ten commands to it, and made them equally obligatory upon the conscience and life."

The fact that so many young people whose parents are Methodists are disinclined to remain in a church which multiplies sins—venial and otherwise—or to subscribe to a rule which they do not intend to observe, is forcing the leaders of the Methodist Church everywhere to make up their minds as to whether it is better to persist in the prohibition of certain amusements and lose this clean-minded but amusement-loving element, or to retain the formal prohibitive clause without enforcing it—thus tending towards the encouragement of hypocrisy—or else modify the note to the extent of making the injunctions against card-playing, dancing and theater-going admonitory rather than prohibitory. It surely will not be many years before the last and more candid method of dealing with amusements will be adopted.

THIS is doubtless the right psychological moment, if Canada has her full share of self-respect, for the United States to impose a retaliatory duty of 25 cents a ton on our ground pulp and 35 cents a ton on our unbleached sulphite. The basis of the impost is found in the Dingley tariff, which makes provision for a surtax equal to any export duty imposed by any nation or dependency shipping any dutiable materials to the United States. By this surtax the United States endeavors to force the tariff of other nations; i.e., Washington provides an elastic tariff which adapts itself to the creation of hardships to be inflicted upon those who do not make their tariffs to suit the Yankee taste. Hon. Mr. Tarte's recent preachment throughout the country with regard to adapting our tariff to meet such cases, have probably prepared the public to insist not only upon the present provincial regulations being retained, but upon the passage of a federal law fixing a general export tax of at least a dollar a ton on pulp. The regulation which have caused this most recent display of national unneighborliness consist in Ontario of a law forbidding the export of pulp wood cut from Crown lands, and in Quebec of a stumpage tax which discriminates against those cutting pulp wood for export. It will be interesting to observe how the wise men at Ottawa deal with this subject.

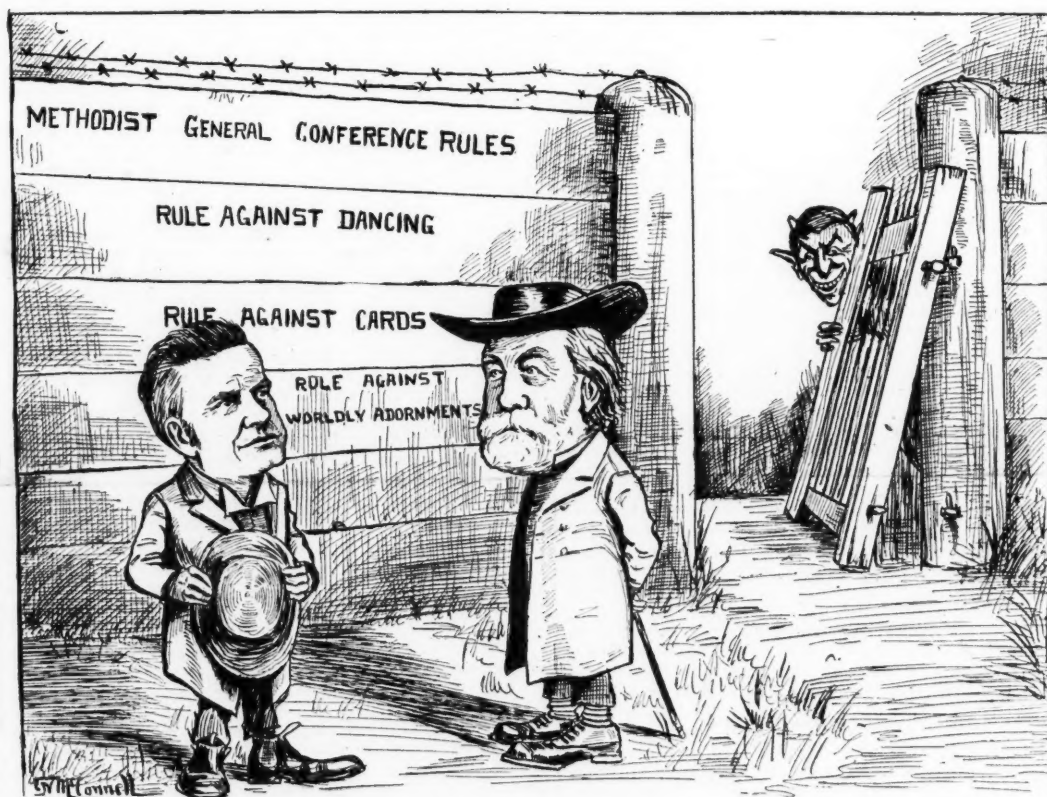
WHILE the exports of Canada have been steadily increasing, those of the United States for the past year have fallen off \$105,000,000 compared with those of the previous year, the decrease being almost altogether in food stuffs, the export of manufactured articles having increased. This is a very striking evidence of the fact that our neighbors are becoming a great manufacturing nation liable each year to consume a greater portion of the products of their soil. It will not be long before they will be forced to import lumber, their own timber lands having become largely depleted. Already many of their paper mills are dependent upon Canada for pulp, and there is no reason why this Dominion should not be at the head of the paper manufacturing industry of the world. Slowly but surely the great balance wheel of manufacturing and production is indicating to our neighbors the fact that they are not so absolutely independent of all the world as they had thought. Slowly but steadily Canada has been adjusting itself to these conditions which are so contiguous to us as to influence every movement of our trade. At one time we were eager to sell our raw materials that the people of the United States might turn them into marketable goods, to the great advantage of their laborers and to the great disadvantage of ours. Now that they are needing our ma-

terials, with prospects of being almost unable later on to do without them, we seem to be afforded an opportunity of imposing export duties as well as greater import fees, thus forcing their manufacturers and artisans into our own country. The time seems to have come for us to be more self-assertive, and those who expect to lead the Canadian people cannot afford to be looking backward and side-stepping when the energy of this young country demands that they shall be pushing ahead. I believe that I am expressing the opinion of the great majority when I assert that those who are to rule this country must not be content with measuring the shadows which lie behind them, but must struggle forward in the great endeavor to see into the future and to accomplish everything that can be accomplished in the lifetime of those who have put away their schoolbooks and seriously taken up the task of making Canada a great nation, the auxiliary, the ally, or a subdivision—whatever we may call it—of a great empire.

THE Consumers' Gas Company having been remonstrated with by the city for dumping oil and tar and refuse into the bay, made the rather lame excuse that they had not put the offensive matter in the bay, but that it had probably got into that none too savory sheet of water from the Gas Company's private sewer. The small difference between putting it in the bay and putting it in the sewer which led to the bay is a rather lame excuse for even the Gas Company to make. However, it is about as satisfactory an explanation as the same company made to the public when throughout the city the gas refused in hundreds of houses to burn with sufficient brightness for either illuminating, heating or cooking purposes. When the clamorous householders demanded an explanation as to why they had been left in the dark, the gas grates had given out no heat and the dinner remained uncooked, they were told that they were

Canadian self-respect, and most unfair to the many English institutions and causes which should have a first claim upon the English charitable." The writer admits that in the early days of Canadian settlement it was inevitable that these appeals should have been made, "but," he adds, "to-day Canada is rich beyond the most sanguine expectations of her early days. She is not alone rich; she has assumed the dignity of nationhood, and among the charges which have thus fallen upon her ample revenues is that of her Indian citizens and fellow-subjects. How can the English public bring itself to believe that Canada is, at this harvest time, overflowing with prosperity when, at the same moment, Canadian clerics encroach upon English munificence for the religious education and support of a few Indian children in the heart of the very country which is now realizing such abundant wealth?" In conclusion the "Gazette" very properly declares, "The whole proceeding is unreasonable and undignified to the last degree, and we would appeal to the many leaders of Canadian opinion, who we know sympathize with our view, to echo this protest among those to whom Canon Gibbon Stocken and other Canadian religious workers should make their first and last appeal." When, oh when, will officious people cease humiliating Canadians abroad by appealing to the English purse in aid of patriotic funds, fire sufferers, missions, church funds, and all sorts of things which, if we cannot ourselves supply, we certainly ought not to have given to us. We boast that the West is a granary bursting with riches, and yet it appears that there is a wall going up from that very country for help. It is nauseatingly contemptible.

A DELICATE point has been raised by the arrest in Cleveland, O., of an eighteen-year-old girl who displayed her ankles as she stepped across a muddy street. On the police blotter after her name is the charge,



Brother Carman (proudly)—Well, the old fence still stands, Brother Chown.
Brother Chown—Yes, Brother Carman, and we still leave the gate of laxity wide open, as hitherto—(mournfully)—and the young Methodists mostly all go in thereat.

furnished with a superfine quality of gas, but that naphthalene had probably accumulated in the pipes and prevented the gas from passing through. Though they were probably aware that this sort of thing was happening, and liable to happen, in hundreds of houses, all efforts after six o'clock in the evening to get anyone from the gas works or any of the branches possessing a telephone were absolutely useless. If they had decided to oblige the consumers they would have had a staff of men ready to remedy the defect, which only takes two or three minutes when once an expert reaches the meter. The claim that this sort of thing happens at this time every year to the same extent is all rubbish. Even the company admits that owing to the scarcity of coal it has been using much more oil and other materials than usual, and what was formerly a rare occurrence has been a very common one during the past few weeks. The inconvenience of having the house left all evening in darkness and cold is one that should not be inflicted by the Gas Company upon its customers, and as they mostly use soft coal for making gas it seems to me they have very little right to seize upon the excuse of the scarcity of anthracite to manufacture gas out of all sorts of chemical refuse and garbage.

THE haughty and unbroken spirit of the Boers does not appear to such advantage now that they have laid down the sword and are eagerly passing around the hat. Kruger said that the defeat of the Boers would be made so difficult that it would stagger humanity, and the last stagger seems to be of the unhappy nature of asking alms. The misery that they depict, the tears of which they speak, the homes destroyed which are described, were self-inflicted woes, and for the generals who came out of the war with considerable honor to thus "war" or beg is a sorry exhibition of a willingness either in war or in peace to creep under the coat-tails of larger nations. There is a meanness of spirit about their attitude which divests the struggle they made of what history might have turned into glory, and for the time being the curtain goes down on the Boer mendicant with outstretched and unwashed hand asking for bread which he is too haughty to earn.

SPREADING of national beggars, the "Canadian Gazette," London, Eng., says: "The Rev. H. W. Gibbon Stocken, C.M.G., Hon. Canon and Rural Dean of Calgary, is the latest Canadian clerical mendicant. He has this week issued through the English press an appeal for £1,500 in connection with the removal to a more desirable locality of schools established among the Blackfoot Indians in the diocese of Calgary. He explains that 'the Canadian Government has promised £500, which we hope will be considerably increased,' but in the meantime he asks the British public to put both hands in its pockets." I have frequently denounced this sort of thing, the last clerical mendicant who put Canada to shame having hailed from Montreal, and I am sure that all Canadians agree with the "Gazette" that this sort of thing "is most distasteful to

"lifting her skirts on Bolivar street." The tearful young woman amidst sobs declared that she had merely saved her skirts from dragging in a pool of water, but the officer insisted that she must have thought the water was very deep or she wouldn't have taken in so much sail. Toronto is somewhat prudish, yet our policemen have more manners than to let their official eyes take cognizance of all the ankles that are displayed by women who carry their skirts at an altitude which permits the exhibition of not only ankles, but a trifle more. The fashion of long skirts, which has prevailed for some time, appears to have encouraged the fair sex not only to pull their skirts so tightly around their limbs that they might almost as well wear trousers, but to carry them in such a way as to make a display which trains were originally presumed to prevent. The practice is not a lovely one, for the beauty of feminine attire consists very largely in its mystery and the delicacy with which it is worn. The mere suggestion of a white skirt, the outcropping of a daintily shod foot, and the flash of an innocent, roguish eye, are tenfold more fascinating than the boldly displayed shape of a dancing girl in tights who stares boldly at the spectator as she minces if she is lean, or waddles if she is fat, across the stage. That much of the display of figure and foot which we see every day on our streets is intentional, no one can doubt; that it is pretty, or even modest, no one contends. However, it is not a matter for police interference, for really the more that women do this sort of thing the less attention will men pay to it, as was shown during the bicycle craze, when short skirts and windy days so soon accustomed the pedestrian to exhibits of hosiery that remarks ceased to be made except when something absolutely ridiculous hove in sight.

A QUEER phase of human nature is manifesting itself in phlegmatic old London, where the people as a rule go about their business paying no attention to the fools, fakirs and fops who are always in evidence. A silly old guy named Pigott has declared himself the Messiah to a little coterie of followers that has organized itself as a church with him as its pastor. He has scrupulously minded his own business, criticized nobody, sought for no publicity, nor even tried to raise money. His only offence seems to be his assertion that he is the reincarnated Christ. Yet this has been sufficient to incense many thousands of even the ungodly, who gather in mobs wherever it is rumored that he is likely to appear, in order to do him bodily harm. To protect him several hundred policemen have to be assembled whenever it is known that he is to leave the safety of his dwelling. No doubt the man is a fanatic, a crank, an egotist, or possibly a fool, but why should the slumgullions and tatterdemalions be joined by the more respectable working classes in order to "do him up" when possibly ninety per cent. of them never go to church themselves nor take any interest in the teachings of the genuine Messiah?

Is it not a fact that those most ready to persecute, as a rule are those who have the least actual regard for the

sentiment which they feel is being outraged? The true Christian never persecutes, is never uncharitable, is slow to criticize others, and eager to approve of those good things which are sometimes well developed in people who have many bad features. Ever since the crowd cried "Give us Barabbas!" this tendency of the mentally, morally and physically unwashed to show their devotion to orthodoxy has been conspicuous. In all countries, at all times, the ruffian has been anxious to do God's service by slaying an unbeliever or someone who seems to arrogate to himself more goodness than is possessed by his fellows. The incarnate fiends who seized and dragged those who are now regarded as saints, to the dungeon, the rack or the stake, simply indulged their brutal instincts as a cheap method of being observed by those who were esteemed as holding the keys of heaven. If the murderer could only think that by killing people he could earn an eternal reward, how cheerfully he would go about his gory service of God! If the hypocrite thinks he can win divine favor by pretending to be what he is not, and thus afford an externally good example, how contentedly he must pursue his task!

There are those in every walk of life who believe they are doing God's service by keeping alive superstitions, observing dead forms, and persecuting all who refuse to hold their faces down to such degrading idols. These people think that they are doing their share of serving God when they throw stones at those who have different views as to what is an acceptable service. The impulse which causes the Hooligans and blasphemous toughs to persecute the poor deluded Pigott can be properly estimated as a desire to do a pious act by tearing to pieces a bogus Messiah while at the same time indulging their brutal instincts. Yet the development of this base imitation of pious zeal is no worse than that of the man who hurries about amongst his acquaintances and fellow church people whispering that So-and-so is an infidel, an atheist, and a dangerous person, simply because the victim of his malice may not believe all those things that orthodox people are expected to believe. Such a man is trying to uplift his own miserable brand of faith at the expense of those who are trodden upon. Amongst the high and low there is much more of the spirit which incites the persecution of Pigott than we are prepared to admit.

WHILE the Church parliaments of this country are continually putting themselves on record with regard to the difficulty of obtaining efficient recruits for the ministry, they should congratulate themselves that the democracy of Canada, extending as it does into the clerical profession, prevents such startling inequalities as are continually obtruding themselves in the State Church of England. In a recent issue of an Old Country religious paper two paragraphs appeared, one of them recounting how a curate after being three years out of work and selling his library among other things in order to keep himself from starving, had at last taken refuge in the Tiverton workhouse. The other paragraph referred to the then expected resignation of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and pointed out that Dr. Temple would be able to retire on a pension of £7,000 a year, with the palace at Canterbury as a residence if he so desired. These two instances, placed in juxtaposition, form a perfect clerical adaptation of the parable of Lazarus and Dives, which is hardly creditable to the State Church of England, of which we are sometimes so unaccountably and irreligiously proud.

REV. DR. BARCLAY, the popular Montreal pastor who was elected to succeed the late Rev. Principal Grant as head of Queen's University, has declined the honor, much to the surprise of the board of trustees. He gives no reasons in his brief letter of declination, though it will be generally supposed that the work involved is too great and the salary offered too small. He receives \$7,000 a year from St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, over which he has presided for some years, while the University was only able to offer him \$4,000, even that being a thousand dollars a year in excess of what was received by the indefatigable Principal Grant. Much disappointment is felt in Presbyterian circles, but no one can blame Dr. Barclay for remaining in the pulpit where his usefulness is so great rather than entering upon a career for which he may not be sure he is fitted, at so serious a financial loss. We really have reason to be thankful to the eminent Montreal pastor for not putting out his refusal on grounds of duty or usefulness, or a special "call," or as the result of a long season of prayer. We get too much of this sort of thing from clerical gentlemen, who quite properly are influenced in their professional inings and outcomings as other men are—largely by the size of the salary. It is now expected that the principality of Queen's will go to a Scotch professor, who will have the double task of becoming acquainted with this country and of filling the position so recently and successfully occupied by a tireless man devoted to Queen's and possessing a thorough knowledge of our educational necessities and the politics and prejudices of a somewhat new country where things do not run as smoothly as in the ancient seats of Scottish learning.

EVEN schoolchildren are going on strike in Pennsylvania. At No. 31 school, Scranton, the youngsters "went out" because the school was being heated with non-union coal, and at Pringle Hill because the daughter of a non-union worker was allowed to attend. This is carrying the strike business pretty far, but the climax of boycotting had probably been reached at the Vandyke colliery when the fire boss was ordered by the strikers to leave St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church when he went to mass some Sundays ago. At half-past ten, the hour for beginning the service, a delegation of Roman Catholic strikers interrupted the ceremonies by demanding that the priest order the fire boss to leave. The priest refusing this extraordinary demand, the leader of the strikers loudly declared to the congregation that the fire boss was a "scab," that no one ought to worship with him, and led about a hundred sympathizers from the building to an adjacent Hungarian Catholic Church, where they proceeded to "worship in spirit and in truth."

It was bad enough that shopkeepers, terrorized by the strikers, were forced to refuse to sell food to the families of non-union workmen, and when all sorts of people were boycotted, not only miners, but law officers, newspaper editors and even women being put under the ban. Bloody assaults and efforts to dynamite bridges have made it thoroughly understood that anarchy reigns, but when schoolchildren begin to take up the fight and the boycott is carried away from things temporal into things spiritual the strikers have evidently determined not only to run the things of this world, but to take a hand in the management of the affairs of the next. If it has become such a terrible thing to be known as a "scab" that a union workman cannot associate with such a person either here or hereafter, some effort will have to be made to organize both a union and a non-union heaven, together with separate hells for those with and without union cards. Before the unions were organized many workmen must have died without Union credentials, and possibly there may be non-union angels. Will the ultra unionists, if admitted into heaven, on general principles, refuse to sing and play harps in a celestial orchestra with "scab" angels?

Altogether this carrying of the union business into matters spiritual opens up a vista of troubles for St. Peter and those who are to examine the credentials of candidates for entrance to the Golden Gates. It is not supposed that heaven possesses a police force or volunteer militia to prevent the throwing of bricks, but if these union troubles are to be imported into spiritual matters all harmony will be gone and a constabulary will have to be on the alert.

This, perhaps, is too serious a matter for the introduction of the reduction ad absurdum method of treating it, but how else is it possible to make it evident that such methods as are being used to intimidate men who desire to work in order that their families may not starve and the innocent non-combatants may not suffer from cold, are altogether illogical and barbarous? The conditions are worse amongst the coal strikers than they would be in case of a civil war, and yet the nation in whose midst these up-rows are taking place seems powerless to bring about industrial peace or to punish the wrong-doers.

THE Czar, through his officials, will soon have destroyed the last vestige of the national life and independence of the people of Finland. When Russia begins the task of crushing out every impulse not slavishly Russian it is apt to make a thorough job of it. The Finn is a simple-minded, honest citizen, free from fanaticism and asking only to be let mind his own business, and being used to a northern climate would make the best possible settler in our North-West. The harvest is so bad owing to floods that famine is feared, and the heart-broken people who loved their independence as they did life are thoroughly in the humor to emigrate. During August, 1,717 Finns, mostly under twenty years of age, left Finland for Canada and the United States, and it is to be hoped that tens of thousands of them may be induced to settle in the unoccupied districts of the Dominion.

Roumania has been so busily persecuting the Jews that a couple of hundred thousand homeless, helpless Hebrews are drifting about Europe endeavoring to find some means of coming to America. In every country into which they have gone for refuge they are unwelcome, and Switzerland is feeding a large number of them but will not permit them to settle in any of the cantons. Secretary Hay of the United States Government has sent a diplomatic note to Roumania protesting against persecutions, and has been practically told to mind his own business and protect the negroes from being mobbed and murdered in his own country before looking after objects of sympathy. The majority of the European nations take the same view of United States interference, for it certainly does look a little off color in the light of the fact that these penniless and persecuted Jews are refused admission to the "land of the free and the home of the brave." Canada wants none of them, either, and the poor, miserable specimens of humanity are apparently likely to receive the treatment which paupers get in country places, each municipality passing the unwelcome visitor on to the next town, until finally the destitute wayfarer perishes by the way.

DR. GEORGE C. LORIMER, the eminent New York preacher, declared in a recent sermon that religion in America to-day is of "very low vitality," and that the attendance at church services is "shamefully small." Bearing in mind the somewhat discouraging tone of Archbishop Machray's recent message to the Synod and Rev. Dr. Carman's address to the Methodist Conference, it is perhaps worth while to quote the comment of "Leslie's Weekly," which is by no means irreligious in tone:

"Dr. Lorimer is undoubtedly right in pointing to these things as evidences of an approaching crisis in America: religious life, a situation which the churches and all other religious forces in the nation must meet with renewed energy, earnestness and determination, if they are to arrest the downward movement toward pure secularism, and beyond that to open infidelity. The present situation before the churches is not one calling for discouragement, alarm, nor despair, but it does call loudly for renewed efforts on the part of religious bodies to adjust themselves and their methods to the needs and demands of the hour, to cast off the mediaeval spirit in forms and doctrines and abstain at once and forever from petty squabbles and noisy disputes over minor and non-essential things, over points of sectarian doctrine and Biblical interpretation which have no visible relation to daily life and conduct, and only weary and disgust intelligent laymen.

"The American people, as a whole, are a believing and a religious people. They are not heartless, sordid, mercenary, and given to selfish and sensual indulgences. The vast sums of money they give annually to churches, charities, missions, and all manner of institutions for the uplifting and betterment of humanity prove incontestably that they have a high and abiding regard for the loftiest and noblest elements and ends of human life and are quickly and generously responsive to all right and rational demands and requirements made in the name of religion and for the real good of their fellow-men.

"If religious vitality is at a low ebb, as Dr. Lorimer says, attendance at the churches painfully small and the tendency to disregard the Sabbath on the increase, the churches and their chief leaders have themselves to blame for it. They have ample equipment, sufficient machinery, and every necessary resource, so far as men and means are concerned, to alter the situation if they will set themselves about it with the right spirit and the requisite energy, with their dominating and controlling motive the salvation of men rather than sectarian aggrandizement or the promotion of pet 'isms. What the people want and what they hunger for more than ever before is true spiritual food and not the dry husks of religious controversy; they want light upon the path of their every-day lives, comfort and consolation such as religion alone is designed to give for the sorrows, trials, sufferings and bereavements common to humanity.

"The people crave such help now, amid the worries and distractions of a restless and rushing age, more than they ever did before—the simple, inspiring, uplifting truth, freed so far as possible from the verbiage of a dead scholasticism and freed from the terrorisms and absurdities attached to it by overzealous sectarians of a dead and buried past. Given this kind of preaching, this direct, hearty and sincere administration of religion in the churches, and we shall hear far less of empty pews and a decadent faith."

COLONEL HENRY WATTERSON, editor of the Louisville (Ky.) "Courier-Journal," is one of the most distinguished and picturesque personalities in the South. He has long been the "Courier-Journal," and the "Courier-Journal" has long been Henry Waterson. Indeed, the "Courier-Journal" is one of the few surviving dailies of note on this continent which represents the individuality of a man as the New York "Sun" once reflected the individuality of Dana, the "Tribune" that of Horace Greeley, and the "Globe" that of George Brown. His friends thought that he ought to be a candidate for Governor this fall, as his election would give him a great boost towards the nomination for Democratic candidate for the Presidency. He took time to think over the proposition which had been formally made to him, and then refused. "Preferment is not for me," he says. "Brought to the point where I must look the situation full in the eye, I am appalled by the conditions that the successful candidate for office must needs meet and overcome; the rogues and cheats he must court, or cozen; the servility he must affect, or practice; the obligations incur; the personal solicitation, ignoble and humiliating; the use of money more or less corrupt and corrupting; for, though he have an overwhelming majority of the people at his back, there stands the machine, first to be captured and then to be deployed, with all that this implies." Colonel Waterson has had too much to do with politics to believe, as does the young and hopeful idealist, in the possibility of a "machine-smashing" campaign. "Although I never had a machine," he says, "I am not a stranger either to the character or the efficacy of machine methods." With grim humor he remarks that he is even aware that he has some points of vantage should he wish to construct one. Further, he says: "No unclean dollar has ever passed my hand, either coming or going, and I am too old to turn rascal. Profoundly hopeful of the future of the party and the State, I shall continue to labor under my own roof-tree till my race is run, a free man, a Kentuckian, and a Democrat."

It would be a good thing for Canada if more of our editors and politicians took the same view of the machine and the "dirty dollar" as is so pointedly expressed by Colonel Waterson, for then there might be a fight for an honest road to political preferment, not only by those who are beaten in "fighting the devil with fire," but also by those who have been beneficiaries of corrupt elections. As it is, those who are defeated, no matter how corrupt their campaign may have been, are the only ones to shriek for purity; and as victory perches first on one banner and then on the other, it is rather sickening to hear the beaten corruptionists howl and the successful ones enthuse. It would almost seem that to be successfully corrupt is considered a crime, while to be unsuccessfully crooked deserves no condemnation. Colonel Waterson's paper makes no pretense of being religious in tone, but it is honest and fearless, and apparently Kentucky has not yet given itself over to organized hypocrisy of any kind. The deadly feuds which sometimes disturb its remote and mountainous regions are probably an outlet for its bad blood such as is to be found in calumny, slander and libel further north. Possibly the Kentuckians drink too much corn juice, but they take it "straight," and do not hide behind the door in taking it. Even this great weakness is perhaps more excusable than to open a corrupt campaign with prayer and close it with the Doxology, which is too often the practice amongst people whose impulses are less strong, direct and passionate than those of the Southerner. It is quite likely that their politics are no more pure than ours, but certainly they are less pretentious; and after all, hypocrisy, the pretending to be what we are not, is probably the most debauching thing in a political campaign, for it ruins the self-respect of the man who practices it, covers with dirt and disgrace the mantle of virtue, or religion, or purity, with which the hypocrite clothes himself, and leads the masses to believe that there is no such virtue in existence.

Social and Personal.

QUITE the smartest wedding that St. George's Church has seen for many a day took place on Saturday last at half-past two o'clock, when Miss Helen Macdonald, daughter of Dr. A. A. Macdonald of Simcoe street, was married to Mr. Campbell Reeves. A more perfect day for a wedding than last Saturday one could not have wished for, and if there is any truth in the saying that "happy is the bride the sun shines on," Mrs. Campbell Reeves ought to have the most blissful of lives. The altar and chancel of the church looked really beautiful, being most tastefully arranged with white and yellow flowers against a background of white satin and set off to advantage by some very handsome hot-house plants from Chudleigh. The service, which was fully choral, was read by the rector, Rev. Canon Cayley, and while awaiting the arrival of the bridal party one had the pleasure of hearing several selections from Mr. Phillips on the organ, while Mr. Ferrar of Montreal played Lowe's "Romance" on the violin most delightfully. The bride, who entered on the arm of her father, looked exceptionally beautiful and graceful in her lovely wedding gown of white ivory satin, the corsage of which was covered with rare old lace and dainty pearl trimmings. On her stately dark head a tulle veil was becomingly arranged (surmounted by a wreath of orange blossoms), which I am told was the same one her mother had worn as a bride. The bride carried one of Dunlop's bouquets of white roses and lily of the valley with long streamers of lily of the valley and maidenhair fern. Miss Pearl Macdonald was maid of honor, and the strikingly handsome bridesmaids were Miss Mary McConkey of Guelph, Miss Eric Temple, Miss Estelle Holland of Montreal, and Miss Marion Laidlaw. The bridesmaids were all dressed alike, and the costumes were most becoming and attractive, and came in for no end of flattering attention. Mr. Dudley Oliver was best man, while the ushers, Mr. Leigh McCarthy, Mr. William Beardmore and Mr. Casey Wood, had their hands full looking after the constant stream of arrivals. The wedding dinner was held at "Chudleigh," the handsome home of Mr. George Beardmore, M.P.H., and a more ideal place for an affair of this kind could not well be imagined. Rev. Canon Cayley proposed the health of the bride, and Mr. Casey Wood in a very witty speech replied for the health of the bridesmaids. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Reeves sailed from New York on Wednesday for England, and they do not expect to return to Toronto till the first week in December. As is customary at hospitable "Chudleigh," the day was brought to a close with a very jolly Ciderella dance at which about forty young people were present. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome set of costly furs, and to each of the bridesmaids a jewelled monogram brooch, and to the ushers jewelled monogram breast-pins.

Invitations have arrived in town this week from Hamilton for the marriage of Miss Mary Lyle, daughter of Rev. Dr. Lyle, to Mr. Alexander Warden of St. George street. The wedding is to take place on Tuesday, October 14th, at four o'clock, in the Central Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, and promises to be an unusually brilliant function.

The many friends in Toronto of His Lordship the Bishop of Moosonee will be glad to know that he has quite recovered from his recent severe accident and was able to leave the hospital this week. The Bishop is at present staying with Mrs. Henderson of Gloucester street, but leaves shortly to join Mrs. Newham in the West.

Miss Laura Smith and Miss Thistle of Ottawa came to town this week for a short stay and while here are to be in pension at Mrs. Helliwell's, St. George street.

Miss Dorothy Perram, who has been the guest of Judge and Mrs. Morgan of Lowther avenue, returned home this week.

Two well-known Englishmen who are touring through Canada at present are Hon. G. Howard, son of the Earl of Carlisle, and Mr. Stanley, nephew of Lord Stanley, of Alderley. They spent a few days in town this week on their way to the coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Plummer have taken the house in Madison avenue which Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler have lately occupied. Mr. and Mrs. Osler have moved into their charming new home in Rosedale.

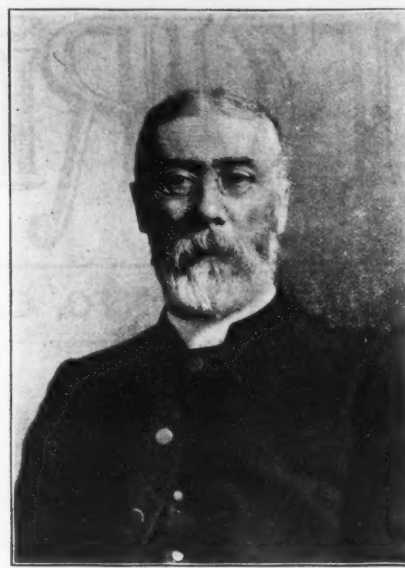
Mrs. Gillies of Teeswater is in town, staying with her brother, Mr. W. Midford of Wellesley street.

Miss Halton of New York and Mrs. Henry Sandford of Newcastle are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne of "Cloverhill."

The many friends in Toronto of Miss Rutan, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Rutan of Winnipeg, who, it will be remembered, was here visiting not long ago, will hear with interest that her engagement has lately been announced to Mr. H. L. Wethey of Winnipeg.

Hon. Mr. Murray, Premier of Nova Scotia, was in town for a few days this week and his stay here was made the occasion of a very successful luncheon given by the Hon. Mr. Stratton in the Speaker's room at the Parliament Buildings.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Edna Mc-



Rev. James Barclay, D.D., the noted Montreal clergyman who has declined the invitation of Queen's University, Kingston, to become its new principal.

Laughlin, daughter of Mr. J. J. McLaughlin of Guelph, to Mr. Edward Seagram of Waterloo. The wedding is to take place in Guelph on Thursday, October 9th.

Rev. Septimus Jones and Mrs. Jones will remain a month or two longer at "Norwoodlee," East Toronto, where they have been living during the summer, but expect before Christmas to move into their new home at 18 Prince Arthur avenue.

The polo match between the Toronto and Montreal Hunt Clubs on Wednesday afternoon again demonstrated the superior prowess of the local players, who scored their second victory over the Easterners by a score of 10 to 2. Great interest was taken in the play by the large and smartly dressed crowd of spectators, among whom were noticed: Miss Smith and Miss Thistle, Ottawa; Mrs. T. Cutchley, Mrs. Eckshaw, Bordeaux, France; Mrs. Gilpin, Philadelphia; Miss Estelle Holland, Montreal; Mr. McLaughlin, Bowmanville; Mrs. Fisk, Montreal; Mrs. Sanford, New York; Mr. William Hendrie, Hamilton; besides Colonel and Mrs. MacLean, Mrs. T. C. Patterson, Mrs. Charles MacInnes, Mrs. James, Miss Louie James, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mrs. C. Beatty, Miss Campbell, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Miss Grace Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mr. and Mrs. Hume B'ake, Major Forester, the Misses Heaven, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Gamble, Mrs. W. Brouse, Miss Violet Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Reny Elmsley, Mr. and Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Bristol.

Mrs. A. L. Sifton and Miss Sifton have returned to town from a pleasantly spent summer on the St. Clair River. They are for the present en pension at 93 Carlton street, and expect to be joined very shortly by the Hon. Mr. Sifton.

Rev. Dr. Jones of Trinity College and Miss Strachan, who have been spending some time at the Welland House, St. Catharines, returned home this week.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Janet Caruthers of Crookford House, Scotland, to Dr. Walter T. Thomson of Carlton street. The wedding is to take place in St. Andrew's Church on Tuesday, September 30th, at half-past one, and is to be followed by a reception at the home of Mr. William Thomson, Pembroke street.

Miss Christine Dennis of Halton street is in Ottawa, the guest of Miss Phyllis Checkley.

The Barwick-Osborne wedding of next Wednesday has been the raison d'être of a number of very smart affairs this week. On Monday evening Mr. Murray Hendrie and Mr. Colin Harbottle were the hosts at a very jolly dinner party out at the Hunt Club, and on two afternoons during the week Miss Athol Boulton and Miss Barwick entertained at five o'clock tea. Miss Barwick's marriage to Mr. Osborne is to be quite "the" wedding of the autumn season and several out-of-town visitors are expected here for the event. The bridesmaids are to be Miss Athol Boulton, Miss Miriam Hellmuth, Miss Winifred Kay of Boston, and Miss Miriel Barwick.

A very pretty wedding took place in Holy Trinity Church on Wednesday, September 10th, when Miss Mary E. Atkinson, daughter of Mr. W. T. Atkinson, formerly of Oshawa, was married to Mr. Walter F. Watkins. The ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. John Pearson, D.C.L., and was fully choral. The bride's very handsome gown was of white silk very plainly made, with rich trimmings of old lace, and she carried a magnificent bouquet of bridal roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Sadie Thomas and Miss Delia Thomas, and very charming they looked in their smart white gowns with picture hats to match. The groomsmen were Mr. J. William Watkins, and the ushers, who were kept busy seating the large number of guests, were Mr. Harry B. Gordon of London and Mr. Clarence Farr. Among the many handsome presents was a costly cabinet of sterling silver, the gift to the groom from his office mates. After the wedding a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, when the best of good wishes from a legion of friends were offered to Mr. and Mrs. Watkins.

Captain Lang of the Toronto University staff arrived out from England on Wednesday, and is expected in town to-day. Captain Lang has been spending the last three months with his people in Scotland.

Several interesting engagements come from Ottawa this week, and the best of good wishes go by mail from many friends in town. Miss Mildred Macdougall is engaged to Mr. Stuart Cameron, Miss Bessie Avery to Mr. Arthur Price of Quebec, Miss Macpherson, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Macpherson, to Mr. J. Venn Henderson, and Miss Menota Isbester to Mr. James MacLaren.

Mrs. Covert and Miss Birdie Covert of Bloor street are sailing from New York next Friday for Europe, where they are to spend some months in travelling. Mrs. Covert entertained at tea on Thursday, when a number of friends took the opportunity to wish her bon voyage.

The Hunt Club has been the rendezvous for all lovers of polo this week and each day has seen a smart gathering at the tea hour. I heard of several jolly dinners in honor of the visiting Montreal men, who have been quite the lions of the week.

At a foreign table d'hôte, the other day, a German lady, addressing the waiter, said, "Garcon, shut that window, or I shall die." "Certainly not," interposed an English lady; "leave it open, or I shall expire immediately." "Waiter," interposed a Frenchman, politely, "leave it open till the German lady has expired, then close it until the decease of the English lady, and then we shall be able to do as we like!"

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Many a smart wedding is spoiled through inartistic arrangement of plants and flowers. When Dunlop undertakes the floral decorations and supplies the lovely Bridal Bouquets the success of a wedding is assured.
SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE-LIST.
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Social and Personal.

Niagara-on-the-Lake this week is, as I heard a United Stateser say recently, "having the time of its life," and the peacefully sleepy little town is eagerly transforming itself into a bustling military center, with visitors innumerable going over for the incidental gaieties of camp week. Lord Dundonald, his sister, Lady Elizabeth Cochrane (whom the papers insist upon dubbing Lady Cochrane), and Captain Newton, A.D.C., passed through town on Monday on their way to the camp, and the General will have a chance to see the flower of his new command looking their very best. Colonel Buchanan is camp commandant this year, and his very smart staff comprises Lieutenant Colonel Sherwood, A.D.C., C.M.G., Ottawa; Lieutenant Colonel Stimson, Major Myles, Major Robertson and Captain Van Straubenzie, A.D.C. Owing to the Queen's Royal being closed, I suppose the time-honored and ever successful military dance will this year not be in evidence.

An English friend sends me the following this week, which may be of interest: "You may have heard of the very sudden and tragic death of Mrs. Hamford-Heskett, the mother of the Countess of Dundonald, which occurred at Gwrych Castle, Abergele, in Wales, a short time ago. The death of Mrs. Heskett has caused the greatest grief among the tenantry and retainers on the Gwrych estate, whose love for their mistress was touchingly shown at her funeral, while a great deal of sympathy is felt for Lady Dundonald, who not only loses her mother, but whose husband is, as you know, far away in your country. Lady Dundonald inherited Gwrych Castle and the estates on the death of her father in 1894, but it was to her grandfather that the picturesque castle and grounds, which are the Mecca of all tourists in Northern Wales, owe their origin. The service was very brief and simple, the Bishop of St. Asaph reading the prayers and the sweet-voiced choir of Llandulas singing a hymn at the graveside. Lady Dundonald and her children will, I fancy, sail very soon for Canada, where it is to be hoped the change will be of benefit to her health."

Mr. and Mrs. Dick of Parkdale have, I hear, taken Mr. Arnold's house in North street for the winter and are shortly to move into town. Mrs. Dick and Miss Muriel Dick are in Montreal this week for the golf tournament.

Dr. E. Herbert Adams has returned to the city, after several weeks spent among the Muskoka Lakes.

At the Welland, St. Catharines, are the following: Miss Cathcart, Toronto; Mrs. L. D. Pinson, Miss Duke, Miss E. Vance, Memphis, Tenn.; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Maw, Winnipeg; Mr. and Mrs. John L. Evans, Buffalo, N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Watson, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. M. Donahy, Buffalo, N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Scrivener, New York; Mr. Henry Fogler, Toronto; Mrs. Folkes, Toronto; Mr. H. B. Parsons, Montreal; Mr. James L. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown, Mrs. W. P. Lumbers, Mrs. Thomas D. Ellis, Toronto.

Cobourg papers give interesting accounts of the ceremonies attending the presentation of the colors of the old Volunteer Company of that town, after the 40th Regiment, by Colonel J. Vance Graveley to St. Peter's Church. The original presentation of the colors to the volunteers took place in 1862, by Mrs. George E. Castle, Mrs. Patterson, wife of Major Patterson, and Miss Campbell, afterwards Mrs. Graveley. Of these only one now surviving is Mrs. Castle. On the formation of the 40th in 1860, consisting of companies from outside Cobourg, it was agreed by the officers that the colors given to them as Cobourg volunteers should be the colors of the new regiment. The condition was

imposed, however, that the colors so donated should not leave Cobourg except with the regiment. After a number of years, this condition not being agreeable to a number of officers of the regiment, a new set of colors was obtained, and the old set handed to the late William Smith, the retired first commander of the 40th Regiment. By Colonel Smith they were transferred, before his death, to Colonel J. Vance Graveley. The colors consist of "The King's Color," being the Union Jack in silk, with royal crown embroidered, fastened on staff with heavy bullion silver cord and tassels fringe; the regimental color of royal blue silk, with Union Jack at corner, with heavy bullion lace crown and XL, Northumberland embroidered, the crown surrounded with a wreath of maple leaves most beautifully embroidered in the fall tints by the nuns in the Grey Convent at Montreal. The staffs are surmounted by heavy silver and gold bullion crowns, with solid silver lions on top, and are very valuable as works of art, as well as intrinsically, being solid silver and gold, and originally cost over \$600. The religious ceremonies attending their presentation to St. Peter's Church by Colonel Graveley were most interesting, the entire garrison of the town, some 250 strong, being present, besides a number of visiting officers. Colonel Graveley completed the ceremony on Monday by affixing to the west wall of the chancel, above the brass memorial tablet erected to the late Bishop Bethune, a beautifully gilt shield, with the following inscription in illuminated letters: "These colors presented by the ladies of Cobourg to the Cobourg Volunteers in 1862, transferred to the 40th Northumberland County Regiment in 1866, acquired by Lieutenant Colonel John Vance Graveley, Staff Canadian Militia, deposited by him in St. Peter's Church, Cobourg, in commemoration of the Coronation of His Majesty King Edward VII., August 9, 1902."

Sheriff Hall of Vancouver, who has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Hall of Bernard avenue, for the past month, left for the coast this week. En route he is to stop over at Prince Albert for a short visit to his brother, Mr. R. H. Hall, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company there.

Mrs. Bruce Harman has returned from Lake Memphramagog, where she has been on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Handyside. Miss Frances Harman is expected home this week from a pleasant stay in Muskoka.

Rev. Dr. Carman and Rev. Dr. Briggs are expected back to town this week from Winnipeg, where they have been attending the General Conference of the Methodist Church. Acting on the idea that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," the members of the Conference enjoyed a very delightful and instructive railway journey through some of the Manitoba wheat fields, which are at the height of their excellence just now.

Sir Frederick Borden and Lady Borden returned to Ottawa this week, after spending the summer abroad, and are once more occupying Stadacona Hall, their handsome home. Sir Frederick Borden is leaving next week for Maritime Provinces, where a grateful and proud constituency is to banquet him during his stay.

Mr. and Mrs. George Moffatt of Maple Creek, N.W.T., arrived in town last week from the West and are en pension at Mrs. Johnston's, in College street. They are, I believe, to remain here some time.

The engagement is announced this week of Miss Harriett Chaplin of St. Catharines to Mr. A. R. Parker, R.N., of London, Eng.

Bon voyage to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Trees of Mayfield, who sailed from New York on Saturday for England.

Mrs. Frederick Webb and Miss Webb have returned to Ingleside after a very pleasant summer spent in Muskoka. Miss Webb had as her guest this week Dr. Kenneth Neville, M.A., of the University of Illinois, who spent a few days in town.

Mr. Torrance Beardmore left town on Wednesday for New York, from where he sailed for England. He is, I believe, to attend a school near London.

Mr. Charles Covert of Montreal is in town this week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Baines of Beverley street.

A very pretty but quiet wedding took place in St. Stephen's Church on Wednesday afternoon of last week, when Miss Annie L. Scully, daughter of the late Mr. William Scully, was married to Mr. Irwin L. Hathway of New York. Rev. A. J. Broughall, rector of St. Stephen's Church, performed the ceremony. Miss

Sour Bread
Annoyed the Doctor.

If you get right down to the bottom of your stomach trouble it is wrong food, and the way to correct it is not by drugs, but by using the right food. A physician in Barron, Wis., writes an instructive letter on this point. He says: "I am a practicing physician, 45 years old, and about 6 feet in height. When I began using Grape Nuts last spring I weighed 145 lbs., was thin and poor, and a coating on my tongue, and frequently belched wind or gas, and small pieces of undigested bread or potatoes which were very sour, in short I had acid dyspepsia."

"I consulted a brother physician, who advised me to eat about four teaspoonfuls of Grape Nuts at the commencement of each meal, and drink Postum Cereal Coffee. I had been in the habit of drinking coffee for breakfast and tea for dinner and supper. I followed the advice of my brother physician as to diet, and experienced relief at once. "Ever since that time I have eaten Grape Nuts with sweet milk or cream each morning for breakfast, and I now weigh 155 lbs., and am no more troubled with sour stomach. I am very fond of Postum Food Coffee and attribute my relief as much to that as I do to Grape Nuts."

"Often when I am called out in the night to see a patient, and on my return home I feel tired and hungry. I eat the usual quantity of Grape Nuts before going to bed, and then sleep soundly all night." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

September Weddings

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4. Books kept out over three weeks will be charged up to Subscriber—less the fee paid on taking out the book.
5. Books must be returned in good order.
6. Books cannot be delivered by us.
7. Any book in stock to the value of \$1.50 retail, may be taken out.
8. It is expected that members will take out books regularly.

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The Gymnasium Classes at the Central Young Men's Christian Association begin this week. Now is the time to join.

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W. J. A. & H. CARNAHAN, Chemists, e/c
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The Skirt Specialty Co.

Makers and Designers of High-Class Tailor-Made SKIRTS

Artistic workmanship.
Perfect in style and cut.
New and original designs.

SHOW-ROOMS NOW OPEN
64 King St. West.

Florence Reed made a very sweet bridesmaid, and the groomsmen were Mr. R. H. Hathway of Toronto. The honeymoon is to be spent in New York, after which Mr. and Mrs. Hathway are to take up their residence in New York.

Miss Wardell of Brooklyn, N.Y., is a bright visitor in town just now. She is the guest of Mrs. Lockie of Queen's Park.

Mrs. Rose and Miss Rose of Madison avenue, who have been spending the summer up at Atherley Lodge, Lake Simcoe, got back to town this week.

Mrs. S. H. Jones and the Misses Jones returned last week to town, after a lengthy travel abroad. Most of the time was spent in England, though a short visit to the Emerald Isle was paid before sailing for home.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels have returned from Quebec, where they were staying with Mr. and Mrs. William Macpherson.

A bright visitor in town this week is Miss Gertrude Ross of Port Perry. She is the guest of Mrs. B. H. Kent of Rosedale.

Many old friends are this week greeting Mrs. W. Mandeville Merritt, who has lately returned from a lengthy visit abroad. Mrs. Merritt, who is looking extremely well, is at present staying with her sister, Mrs. Russell Baldwin, of Lowther avenue.

Mr. C. T. Pearce left town this week for Prescott, where he assumes charge of a new branch his bank is opening. Mrs. Pearce is to follow in a week or two, as soon as the closing up of the erstwhile cosy little home takes place.

Miss Ethel Townsend of Cecil street and her cousin, Miss Edith Stovel, of Walkerton, left town last week for New York, and are the guests of Miss Stovel's brother of that city for several weeks.

Andrew Jeffrey
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Special attention given to Embossing and Printing Visiting Cards, Wedding Invitations, etc., from plate or type.

MISS E. PORTER

It is Not Too Late to Catch Up.
ANOTHER INSTALLMENT OF "SIR ASTLEY'S WIFE," A CAPTIVATING STORY, IS ON PAGE 4 OF THIS COPY OF "SATURDAY NIGHT."

Pickles That Please

It is no longer necessary for you to pay a high price for pickles of high quality and thanks are due to Stephens' Pickles for your opportunity.

Stephens' Pickles are packed in absolutely pure Malt Vinegar, which is brewed by the picklers! You will always find each bottle of Stephens' Pickles the same—sound, crisp, piquant Pickles, but at a lower cost than you would expect to pay.

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Leading grocers sell them.

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Synopsis of Instalments I. and II.—Instalment I. describes the meeting at a country inn, under sensational circumstances, of a man and woman. The former, Astley Darwen, is ill with a gunshot wound; his companion is rendered unconscious by the water from which he has rescued her, and seems wishful to keep her identity hidden. They part to meet again in an Oxford drawing-room, where Astley discovers that the lady of the adventure, Norma Bascot, is beautiful—his heiress—and said to be engaged to her cousin. Time goes on. One afternoon Norma startles Astley by asking: "Would you marry a girl, not really, but at a registry office, to set her free?"

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

This was the very first expression of gratitude which Norma had ever used to Astley in connection with his rescue of her from the river. And she uttered the words in such a low breathless voice, with her eyes turned away and her hands moving nervously, that he was greatly touched. He tried, however, to laugh it off.

"Oh, nonsense," said he. "You know that was no more than anybody would have done. I thought you were too sensible to think of it in any other way."

They were both moving again at a very slow pace, and now Norma stopped once more, and now Norma stopped once more, and now Norma stopped once more.

"Ah," she said. "You think, of course, because I haven't spoken of it, that I never think about it; but I do. At first I admit I wasn't grateful; life seemed too dreadful a thing to bear. But—now I see more sanely, and—and I'm ashamed of myself, and—and thankful that—nobody knows—but you."

There was a simple confidence in these words, uttered in the same diffident manner and low voice, which thrilled Astley to the heart. He felt impelled to revert to the previous subject of conversation, which began to have a new attractiveness.

"Come," said he, "let us get back to the point. Suppose we were to marry, you and I, what would your people say? What would they think of me? Wouldn't they spread the tale abroad that I had taken advantage of their hospitality to steal away your heart from its rightful owner? Come, now, I'm sure you must confess they'd say something like that."

Norma's black eyes looked down haughtily through their long lashes.

"Would you mind?" said she. "I shouldn't."

"Well, I can't say I should care to get the reputation of being a mean fellow. You see, if you don't marry me, you admit you will probably end by marrying Bascot."

"They might make me marry him, but if they did, I should murder him," said Norma, with a jeremiad. "If you would save me from that, therefore, you would at the same time save a man from being murdered."

Astley laughed a little. He was not afraid of letting her see him laugh now, for she was getting used to his way of looking at things, and no longer resented his lightness of heart.

"I'm not sure," he said gently, "that the prospect, as you put it, is altogether reassuring."

"Oh, but I shouldn't murder you, if you mean that," said Norma, quickly, but smiling a little. "You wouldn't really be afraid of that, would you?"

And then she turned upon him a look, the first of the kind she had ever given him, eloquent of womanly feeling and charm.

Decidedly she was too good for Bascot! Astley involuntarily came a little nearer, as if to speak low.

"Perhaps not," said he. "But—there's something else I should be afraid of."

She might have known what was coming, but she did not. She met his eyes full, enquiring only in hers.

"And what's that?"

"Why, I might fall in love with you, you know."

The girl laughed almost harshly.

"I wouldn't let you," she said quickly. "I would keep you to the bond. My mother used to say that no man falls in love with a woman without some sort of invitation."

"And you're not afraid," suggested Astley, half-amused, and half-resentful, "that you might some day be inclined to give the invitation?"

"Not a bit," said Norma, frankly. "I respect you too much. I should be very sorry to see a man I liked sink down into a husband like my uncle, meek in the presence of his wife before other people, a tyrant in private. Or to see him become another sort of husband, openly neglectful and cynical. No, no, no. It's better for a man to feel free."

"Yet not to be free?"

Norma was silent. But there was a deep flush in her cheeks as she looked away, and he saw that he had pained her by the words.

"Look here," he began again, in a humble tone, "I don't quite understand yet what you propose to do, supposing we were to—"

She moved impatiently.

"Oh, don't let us talk any more about it," said she. "Forget that I ever—"

"But I don't want to forget it; I want to talk it out and help you if I can. I want you to tell me, supposing you were to go to the registry office mademoiselle and to come out madame, what would you propose to do?"

the fire before which she was standing.

"Were you expecting anybody else, then?"

"Oh, no. Jack Fielding sometimes looks in, but they know him and bring up his name, if he doesn't come straight up himself. But to see you is an unexpected pleasure."

Norma raised her eyebrows and shrugged her shoulders dismally. She had inherited the habit of certain little demonstrative gestures from her mother.

"Pleasure!" she echoed, with mocking lips.

"It is a great pleasure," returned Astley, as he came close beside her, and leaned against the mantelpiece, as she was doing. "Or at least it would be, if I were not afraid that something has happened to worry you or put you out. Come, what is it?"

He did not touch her, but he bent his head towards her and smiled reassuringly into her face, as if to remind her that he was her staunch friend at least.

Then her face quivered, and she almost sobbed out:—"It's been dreadful! Worse, much worse than I expected. They were hateful, all of them, especially my aunt. At least I suppose Robert was really as hateful as she, only I despise him so that he doesn't count. But oh! It's beautiful to be able to despise him only, and not to be afraid of him, too?"

Astley laughed, but not merrily. "In an afraid this is only the beginning of the trouble," said he. "Why couldn't you keep your secret until I was there to back you up?"

"Well, I thought it wasn't fair, for one thing, that they should set upon you and tear you to pieces when you were not in fault. So I thought I would break it to them and get the explosion over by myself. Only I didn't know how bad it was going to be. And then, I suppose, being only a woman, I was bursting with my secret, too. So that when Robert made one of his favorite allusions to the happy time we should have when I was married to him, I couldn't help flashing upon him the answer that that was impossible, as I was married already."

"I can imagine the effect of such an announcement at Mrs. Bascot's trim tea-table," laughed Astley.

Norma smiled a little too.

"It was rather funny, though, as you may guess, I wasn't able to see the fun of it at the time. Now I come to think of it, they were really like a cageful of lions when the keeper takes their dinner away. They spared neither me nor you, and at last they made me so furious that I ran away and came here, to give them time to settle down."

"You must dine with me," said Astley. "It will be rather fun, won't it?"

And he looked at her with a gleam of mischief in his eyes.

Norma hesitated, and looked puzzled and distressed. The complications brought about by their new relationship suddenly appeared to her as they had never appeared before. Supposing one of her uncle's acquaintances were to hear of her dining here with Astley Darwen, how everybody would talk! What rumors would be set flying about, making it doubtful whether confession or concealment would be best! Even matrimony in a registry office had its claims, its disadvantages.

Astley, meanwhile, had rung the bell, and when the waiter appeared, startled Norma by ordering dinner for himself and Mrs. Darwen. She was confounded. The moment the man had left the room, she turned abruptly to Astley:

"Why did you say that? You shouldn't have said that; she remonstrated, breathlessly. You know how people talk, especially here."

"It's precisely because I do know how they talk, especially here," retorted Astley, calmly, "that I couldn't allow my wife to run the risk of gossip at her expense."

Norma said nothing, but she trembled. There was something more than strange, something that almost thrilled her, in hearing the words "my wife" applied to herself by a man. Indifferent as she believed herself to be to all men, cold, hard, inaccessible, the associations connected with the word were, of course, too strong for her to hear it unmoved now that by legal right it belonged to her.

There was something, too, that touched her, as she did not want to be touched, in the tone with which Astley at once took upon himself, as of right, the careful protection of her good name. Her feelings made her restless and shy. She was glad that the door was at this point burst open by the waiter, who came to lay more knives and forks on Astley's table, which was in the corner near the fire.

Astley, who always saw the humorous side of things, began to beam with amusement at the glance of this little prompter dinner with his own wife. It was clear that he took a mischievous pleasure in referring to the tastes of "Mrs. Darwen" in informing the waiter that "Mrs. Darwen" drank claret, and that "Mrs. Darwen" would like a foot-stool. And at last she threw him a reproachful look when the man was out of the room, and told him that it was too bad to tease her.

"Does it tease you?" said Astley. "Doesn't it rather amuse you, too? Think this escape of yours is the greatest fun. And if only your uncle would fling open the door while we were enjoying our outlet, I feel that the dramatic as well as the humorous possibilities of life would be exhausted."

"Whatever happens to you nothing ever seems able to make you sad or even serious," said Norma with interest.

They were by this time seated opposite each other at the little table, and Norma was able to examine with earnest scrutiny the face of the man she had married. A typical English face it was, with an originally fair skin tanned and reddened by the open air and the African sun, with smooth and shining mouse-colored hair, a moustache with a suspicion of ginger color in it, fairly well cut features, and honest blue eyes. Astley had the further attraction of that exceedingly clean, trim look so distinctive of the upper class Englishman, and particularly of the army man. When he began to return her scrutiny, she looked down on the white table cloth, and tried to think of something to say.

Nobody could have complained of any want of earnestness in his tone as he answered:

"Doesn't it occur to you that I may have gone through experiences so sad and serious that nothing less than a real misfortune can disturb me? And, whatever cause you may have to look upon our—what shall I call it?—partnership?"

—as a misfortune, it certainly doesn't appear in that light to me."

Norma bent her head and blushed.

"Of course," she said gently, "your illness, and being wounded, and all that, were misfortunes; but that isn't the sort of thing that eats into one, is it?"

"Oh, no," said he readily. "I don't count those things at all. I've gone through much worse things than that, I can assure you, things that would, I really think, make you wonder that you could call your troubles misfortunes at all."

He was serious enough now; and something in his voice thrilled Norma, and made her look at him with eyes full of shy, sympathetic interest.

"Really?" whispered she.

He smiled a little.

"I've a good mind," said he slowly, "to tell you what they were. But I'm not sure. It might give you a lesson in contentment, but, on the other hand, it might pain you, disgust you."

"Tell me," whispered Norma after a pause, and without raising her eyes.

"Well then, I've been married before—unhappily," said Astley, in a tone which was almost gruff.

"Oh!"

The surprising statement made Norma look up quickly; and then a sense of shame rushed through her heart, when she reflected that she had always been so much occupied with her own troubles that she had concerned herself very little about the life and circumstances of this man who had done so much for her.

These thoughts and feelings brought the rich color to her cheeks, and a look of sweetness and softness to her great dark eyes.

Astley met her eyes, smiled a little, and looked down as he went on:

"Yes, I fell in love with a girl I met one winter, when I was staying up at my cousin's, the most beautiful girl, I still think, that I ever saw in my life."

He paused, and Norma made an impatient little gesture, urging him to go on.

"I don't suppose she ever cared for me much; she married me because it was a good match for her, though it would have been a very poor one for any girl of my own rank. She was the sister of a doctor's wife who lived near Astley Haigh, and it was at the doctor's house I met her. I might have known better than to marry her, for she was even then trying very hard, as I could not help seeing, to capture my cousin."

"Sir Hugh Darwen?"

"Yes. And failing in that—for Hugh was a confirmed bachelor at that time—she gracefully accepted me. You see, I was a more important person than I am now; for Hugh had declared he never meant to marry, and in that case the property and the title would some day have come to me."

"Has he married since then?"

"No, but he's going to, in about ten days from now. So I look upon it as a foregone conclusion that my chances are knocked on the head. I can't say I care much."

"You never told me all this," said Norma, very much interested. "To think of your having had such an interesting career, while I was too much wrapped up in my own little miseries to so much as ask a question about yours!"

Her tone was sincerely penitent, and there were even tears in her eyes. Astley smiled appreciatively.

Well, well, it's not too late for me to come in for a little of your sympathy now," said he cheerily. The next moment, however, he again took a more serious tone. "We got on pretty well—Lottie and I, till I was ordered abroad. And then I heard little from her, but disquieting news of her from other people. At first I would believe nothing; but at last I got a plain statement of fact on such good authority that I could not hope to deceive myself any longer."

Astley hurried on, with an uneasy frown on his face: "As soon as I got home, I set enquiries on foot, found that the news was only too true, and at once caused the divorce papers to be served on her at her mother's house at Leamington, where she was then living. You may judge of my horror when, immediately afterwards, I learnt that she was dead."

Norma gave a little gasp of horror.

"At first I wondered whether it was true; then I resolved to go up there myself, and found it was no fiction, as I had for a moment suspected. She was lying in her coffin when I got to her mother's house."

"Did you see her?" something prompted Norma to whisper breathlessly.

He shook his head.

"No. But it was quite true," he said, in a low voice. "Well, we won't talk any more about it. But now you'll understand better why it is that I can't see the tragedy of small miseries so plainly as you do."

Norma was terribly shocked and remorseful. She began to think, as she might indeed have thought before, that she had no right to bring fresh anxieties into this man's life. She became uneasy, gentle, almost tearful; and, try as she would to raise her spirits, Astley could get nothing but soft and deprecatory answers and looks from her until they had finished dinner, and he was seeing her home.

She was still oppressed by the feeling that her selfishness had been unexampled, and presently she told him so.

He laughed at her fears.

"You are selfish!" he admitted simply. "And quite absurdly sensitive and impulsive. But I did what I did with my eyes open, quite willingly. I suppose I

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was selfish, too, and bent upon getting a new sensation out of life, the sensation of being married to a lady who was not my wife."

She was walking beside him, but not very close; he saw that she shivered at his words.

"I didn't know what you'd gone through," she stammered hoarsely. "You only said that you were 'a poor devil'—that was what you called yourself—who didn't know how to manage on 'a pitiful pension'—that was what you called it. So—"

"So you were quite justified, and not to blame a bit," added Astley cheerily.

And then silence fell on them both. On Astley, because this unburdening of his life's secret had made him thoughtful; on Norma, because she began to fancy that the woman whom she had seen in the hotel courtyard was hovering about, following them sometimes on the one side of the street, and sometimes on the other.

She could not, however, be sure enough of the woman's figure to think it worth while to mention her fancies to Astley; and it was not until he had left her on her uncle's doorstep, after her flat refusal to let him come in and brave the storm, that she was sure, on seeing the same figure close behind Astley, that the woman whom she had seen in the hotel office had followed them to her uncle's house, and was now following Astley back again.

He had been very anxious to come in and "beard the lion in his den," which was the way he expressed his intention of encountering the displeasure of Mrs. Bascot. But Norma was so passionately earnest in her entreaties that he would not, in her assurances that she would allow him to do so on the morrow, and that in the meantime she would be very gentle and patient and meek, that he had at length given way to her wishes.

"I expect," she shrewdly said, "they will have been so frightened by my disappearance this evening that they will be inclined to 'climb down' a little, and to make it easier for me than seemed likely this afternoon."

Her expectations proved to be well founded. Her aunt and uncle, realizing that her marriage was an accomplished

fact, and that she was now indeed mistress of her person and her money, had had time to learn the bitter truth that their solicitude had overreached itself, and that in trying to force on the girl a distasteful marriage in their own interests, they had but hastened the time when she would emancipate herself from their control.

They were heartily thankful to see her back, and both took care to assure her that they were sorry for the manner of their reception of the news of her marriage, and anxious for her to remain with them as long as she pleased. For Norma told them that she was quite ready to stay with them, if they wished, until Astley's visit to his cousin at Astley Haigh was over.

So the stormy and eventful day ended peacefully, and Norma woke next morning in a very chastened mood, half regretting her hasty action in getting married to Astley, and yet at the same time anxious to see him again. He had become a very interesting personality since her discovery of his history; she could think of little else.

And the woman? The mysterious woman? Who could she be?

(To be continued.)

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Curious Bits of News.

The Westminster "Gazette" states that a company with a capital of a million dollars is being formed to turn out whiskey and wine in the form of compressed tablets.

New England critics have noted that in his recent speech at Boston, President Roosevelt began thirteen sentences with "now," used the phrase "have got" for "must" eleven times, and wound up by splitting an infinitive. This they think unpardonable for a President of the United States and a graduate of Harvard.

The official executioner of Tokio died recently. His death was curious in itself, and considering his profession, was little short of remarkable. He was crossing a railway track near Tokio when he was run down by a fast express. The body was found by the track with the head neatly decapitated as any which had been cut off by the official executioner himself. Otherwise there was not a mark on the body.

A masterpiece of censorship was recently perpetrated by the Turkish censor, Nischan Effendi, on the occasion of the production of Shakespeare's "Othello" at Constantinople. He "corrected" the drama so thoroughly as to leave hardly a trace of the original. Among other words, he expunged "Cyprus," giving ingenious reasons for this correction. "Cyprus," he said, "is a Turkish island; it would be politically unwise to send Othello to Cyprus, because the territorial integrity of Turkey is guaranteed by treaties. Why not put, instead of Cyprus, some Greek island, such as Corfu?" And thus it came to pass that, from respect to the Treaty of Paris, Othello had to go to Corfu!

A remarkable and important expedition is in preparation at Seattle. United States manufacturers have combined to send a steamship, laden with samples of their productions, to Russia, China, Japan, Australia and South Africa to show foreign merchants what they have to sell and to become acquainted with the sort of goods in demand. Mr. Frank G. Carpenter has advocated this plan in his extensive correspondence for a Boston contemporary, and it is to be carried out liberally. The effect upon trade with the countries whose principal ports are visited by the expedition is expected to be immediate and far-reaching.

The Armless Girl.

A Romance of the Museum.
She's very handy with her toes, which to good use are put.
And she can write a pretty hand with her dainty little foot.

She has a deal of work on hand, she's busy as can be,
Yet still finds time with her dear foot to throw a kiss to me.

I am the human skeleton, but cheerful as the morn,
Because she never jokes my bones, nor points the toe of scorn.

For me she ever has a smile, encouraging my suit,
And oft lends me a helping hand—I mean a friendly foot.

Last week I asked her for her hand, for I had yearned to win it,
The charming girl gave me her foot, and said her heart was in it.

I bought a pair of wedding gloves on her dear feet to go,
And a bright golden finger ring I placed upon her toe.

Soon hand in hand—or hand in foot—we'll start to climb life's hills,
And joy will ever be at our hands, for she will foot the bills.

—R. H. Hill in "Judge."

Messrs. Catto & Son have opened the fall season with a stock of dry goods that is complete, well chosen, and embraces the latest fashions, both in articles that go to make up a stylish costume and household furnishings, such as handsome drapes, eiderdown quilts, and linens in the latest designs. Plain and richly brocaded silks or satins are on exhibition, and dress goods of every kind of material and in every color. Canvas and camel's hair cloths seem to lead in popularity, in very pretty shades of brown, green and red. Upholsters in the millinery department the hats are all that could be desired. Some very pretty combinations of pale yellow silk and brown velvet are being shown; all blue velvets and green toques, and, in fact, the whole department is artistic and varied. They have a very fine assortment of black hats, from which anyone could choose and be satisfied. Their mantles and opera cloaks are very handsome, especially the silk and plush ones, which show the regard for style and quality so evident in all Messrs. Catto's goods.

The Etiquette of Art Criticism.

Being a Few Rules to Enable the Uninformed to Pass for Connoisseurs When Viewing an Exhibition of Pictures.

RULE 1.—Always admire a Whistler.

Rule 2.—If you are introduced to an artist, it is no longer considered one of the essentials of good form to talk to him about his own work. If you will lead up to the subject discreetly, he will save you the trouble.

Rule 3.—It is equally important to avoid admiring anything because "it looks natural." It is safer to scorn all such works as being "photographic."

Rule 4.—If you wish to direct attention to any particular picture, point with the thumb instead of with the finger. Though the fact is not widely known, most artists acquire this habit, probably from the constant use of the thumb in manipulating paint or charcoal. To the knowing ones, the use of this characteristic gesture will at once place you in the inner circle.

Rule 5.—To complete the true professional pose when examining a work of art, it is necessary to throw the head very much on one side and gaze at the picture through half-closed eyes. Next, look at the painting through the small opening that is left when the hand is loosely closed. The picture will not show to any better advantage when seen through the hand, and artists rarely adopt this method; but it is one of those ancient superstitions that the veteran connoisseur clings to, and the novice will, therefore, regard it as essential.

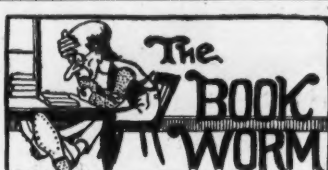
Rule 6.—When hard pressed for some comment, you can always fall back on

the word "interesting." There is something exceedingly professional about this word. It is the haven of refuge of many distinguished critics when describing execrable works by their friends, or by the chief officers of important art organizations.

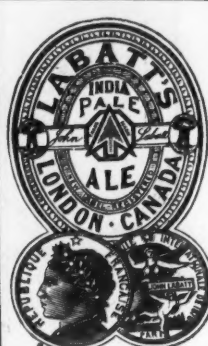
RULE 7.—Interlard your conversation with a plentiful sprinkling of such art terms as chiaroscuro, morbidezza, verve, tonality, motif, impasto, milieu, atmosphere, and the like. Even if you do not use them correctly, it will not matter, as they belong to the lingo of the professional critic, and even artists have but a vague idea of their meaning.—E. L. W. in "Smart Set."

And With Good Reason.

Judge—Have you formed or expressed any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused in this case? Man (drawn as juror)—No, sir. But I have sometimes thought—Attorney (rising indignantly)—Your honor, this man acknowledges that he sometimes thinks. It is hardly necessary to say that we shall challenge him as a juror in this case.—"Texas Siftings."



THE BOOK WORM
THOUGH women do not loom as large in conventional Canadian history as in that of some other lands, there can be no doubt that, here as elsewhere, there generally is and generally has been a woman in every episode worth recording. How to find the potent but usually hidden enchantress is the problem that often confronts the student of men and of affairs. Mr. Henry James Morgan, that indefatigable compiler and editor of personalia, promises to throw some interesting sidelights into the dark recesses of Canadian history in his forthcoming work, "Types of Canadian Women Past and Present," the first volume of which will issue from the press of William Briggs this fall, to be followed by a second and concluding volume after a year's interval. The work, I am informed, is to be a picture gallery, accompanied by a biographical dictionary, of Canadian women from the earliest times, who have excited interest or claimed attention, either by reason of their official position or their more personal titles to distinction. It is promised by the publisher that the book



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"Ainslee's Magazine" has been enlarged and improved with the October number. Illustrated special articles are done away with and instead of this material there are several striking, well-considered essays, besides the usual amount of fiction.

General De Wet's forthcoming book, it is said, is in no way sensational. It deals exclusively with the part which he himself played in the war. Twenty-eight publishers tried to secure the book, which he has held at a high price.

A new illustrated literary magazine, with the taking title of "The Reader," is to be started in New York next month. The list of contributors already announced includes such well-known writers as Gelett Burgess, John D. Barry, Alice Brown, Bliss Carman, "Mr. Dooley," Caroline Duer, Edwin Emerson, jr., Charles Macomb Flandrau, Eliot Gregory, Aline Gorren, Oliver Herford, Rollin Lynde Hartt, R. V. Risley, Louis Evan Shipman, Henry Turrell and John B. Tabb.

Charles Reade's long-time friend, Mr. John Coleman, is writing a memoir of the author of "The Cloister and the Hearth." He intends to call the book "The Romance of Charles Reade." It is to be hoped that this will be the precursor of an excellent new handy volume edition of Reade's vivid and fascinating novels.

The October "Pearson's" opens with one of the most interesting of its entertaining series, "The Story of the States." The position of New York City as a world metropolis has seemed to entitle it to a separate article, and Mr. Gustav Kobbe presents a picture of modern New York, with its bustle of commercial activity, its immense financial interests, its skyscrapers and other modern improvements, which, against the background of the leisurely mode of life and primitive customs of old New Amsterdam, stands out vividly as an exponent of the strenuous life of the present day. The article is profusely illustrated with photographs, and will interest everyone who has ever visited the Empire City.

Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan) contributes to the October number of "The Smart Set" "The Entertainer," a story that deals luminously with a phase of American life. A subtle humor glosses the seriousness of the theme, and renders the story wholly fascinating.

"I've just been to Mrs. De Smear's dinner." "Where are you going now?" "Home to get something to eat."

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND S. SHEPPARD - Editor

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

VOL. 15. TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 27, 1902. NO. 46.



EVERYBODY knows their Dickens, of course, just as everybody knows their Bible—in a Pickwickian sense. At the same time it was amusing on Monday night at the Princess Theater, and doubtless at every performance since, to hear people trying to identify the different characters as they came on the stage. "Have you read the Pickwick Papers?" asked a young woman near me of her escort. "Yes, I read them all right," bluffed the big lobster, but I noticed that he immediately changed the subject of conversation, and later on for the life of them neither he nor his girl could tell who Tony and Sam Weller were without studying it out on the programme, and they actually thought that the Fat Boy when he first came on was the great Pickwick himself. Doubtless there were hundreds of others in the same boat. But it is a crime to admit that one has not read everything Dickens ever penned. Just now Dickens is having a new boom in popularity, which may account for the fact that so many who have never read an English novel of earlier vintage than "When Knighthood was in Flower" will calmly assure you that they are perfectly familiar with the creations of the greatest of English humorists.

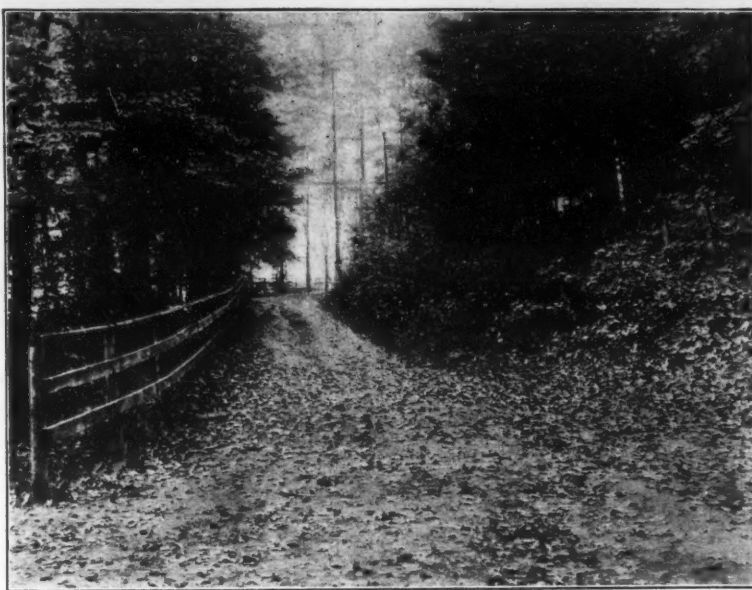
Mr. De Wolf Hopper's show, in which some of the choicest characters of "Pickwick" are reincarnated, is really ex-cruciatingly funny. It is a daring thing to have set music to the adventures of the Pickwickians; but in its very novelty lies its success. The book has had to be mutilated to yield something resembling a plot; the characters as presented on the stage certainly do not realize the ordinary conceptions of the Dickens student nor the traditional drawings of "Phiz." And yet after all, it must be admitted that the Dickens flavor has been preserved throughout the piece.

De Wolf Hopper's make-up as Mr. Pickwick is one of the funniest things yet. Those who know something of Hopperian longitude and latitude could scarcely imagine the hero of "Wang" figuring as a presentable Pickwick. But with the help of elephantine leg pads, a sofa-cushion stomach, a wig, a stock and the regulation garments of the time, Mr. Hopper transformed himself into a screamingly funny personage who, as a representation of the Pickwick of Dickens, was the caricature of a caricature. Digby Bell as Sam Weller, Harry Norman as Tony Weller, Guy H. Bartlett as the Fat Boy, and Laura Joyce Bell as Mrs. Bardell, did the work assigned them in a rollicking spirit and created no end of amusement. Miss Louise Gunning, the Arabella of the piece, is a pretty girl with a very pleasing voice. Miss Marguerite Clark, in the role of Polly, made a splendid foil to Miss Gunning, and really divided the honors of the performance with her. Miss Clark is one of the daintiest and most bewitching little bits of black-eyed femininity seen on the Toronto stage in a long while.

An enormously fat woman who came in to the Princess Theater early on Monday evening and occupied a seat at the front near the orchestra was the object—all unconsciously it seemed—of a great deal of good-natured but ill-bred badinage from the gallery. Why should not a fat lady no matter how fat and no matter how early, have the privilege of occupying a front seat without being subjected to insulting comment? Some of the young men who buy shilling seats in our theaters appear to think their tickets give them the privilege of behaving like rowdies. Comments from the gods on the appearance and behavior of persons in the pit are all right up to a certain point, but when they are directed at physical peculiarities they cease to be funny.

Somebody remarked, coming out of the Princess Theater, that De Wolf Hopper as Mr. Pickwick looked like a bald-headed edition of the Hon. Edward Blake. Barring his figure, which is certainly not like the Irish statesman's, there may be something in it, but personally I did not notice any striking resemblance.

Shea's programme for the week is a well selected one, and although many of the acts might be stronger, the whole bill is one of pleasing variety. The orchestra, under the efficient leadership of Mr. Will Anderson, shows a marked improvement over last year. Drawee, "The Tourist Juggler," is remarkably clever. His act consists of expert manipulations of such things as hats, cigars and umbrellas, and even tables and chairs, to say nothing of cycle wheels and a jirrikisha. "How Mrs. Dunn Done Dunn" is the somewhat far-fetched and utterly ungrammatical title of Dorothy Neville and John Webber's skit. There is lots of fun in the thing, however, and everyone appears to enjoy it. A little domestic pathos at the conclusion would, I think, make a more befitting and favorable conclusion. Hal Merritt is a very versatile monologist, and delights the audience with fifteen minutes' worth of fun and imitations. O'Brien and Havel are among the few who favor Toronto with a change of programme occasionally. Their sketch this year is a good one, though a little weeding would help things considerably, as there is a superabundance of stuff that would certainly not be missed. Nora Bayes' voice is a good, but by no means remarkable, contralto. She sings the "Stein Song" well, and wears a handsome gown very charmingly. If the Yoscarys had billed themselves as phenomenal acrobats they would not have been very far from the mark; some of their extraordinary feats seem to be almost superhuman, and to add more interest to their act they introduce some irresistibly funny situations. The Howard Brothers have been seen here before, but there is always room for a good banjoist on the programme, and



A LEAFY WAY IN ROSEDALE, TORONTO.
(Amateur photo by W. M. Wallace, Toronto.)

these artists are uncommon and desirable. The Beaux and Belles Octette, consisting of the Misses Garner, Fuller, L'Estell and Huntley, and Messrs. Mason, Webster, Greer and Gilroy, is a new and enjoyable feature. Dainty and pleasing were their selections, especially the one chosen from "The Strollers." "Look it up in the dream book." The costumes are pretty and the dances good, and the generous applause was well merited. The kinetograph, as usual, closes the bill, and the pictures shown this week are very good, particularly the one showing the Coronation procession passing under the Canadian arch. Everyone leaves the theater this week satisfied that they have seen a good and well assorted performance.

People are quite right in saying that the Biddle brothers' crimes are no fit subject for the drama. As well dramatize the career of the late Fred Lee Rice and lay it forth in its hideousness upon the stage. But the strong point against such plays is not that they are immoral, but that they are inartistic. They offend the good taste of anyone with good taste to offend. The large attendance at the Toronto Opera House, where this carnival of sickly melodrama has been holding forth, only proves how deficient in right feeling and artistic sensibility are a large portion of the people—mostly the uneducated or ill-educated. I do not think, however, that it lies with daily newspapers, that wallow in the details of just such crimes as those of the Biddle brothers, to throw stones at the theater for purveying such provender to its patrons. There is not so much difference between printing four or five columns of horrible realism, as most of the dailies do whenever a big murder gives them the chance, and displaying scenes of crime and degeneracy upon the stage. In both cases there is a temptation to weak intellects and natures of poor moral fibre to exalt the criminal and the degenerate to the plane of heroism.

An unsuccessful production of "Rupert of Hentzau," the dramatization of Anthony Hope's novel, was presented at the Grand Opera House this week. The dual role of the King and Rudolph Rassendyll was assumed by Mr. Harry Leighton.

Mr. Osborne Searle, formerly with the Valentine Stock Company, plays the leading juvenile with Arthur Sidman's "York State Folks" company.

Arthur Dunn the diminutive, who was last seen in Toronto in "The Runaway Girl," and his sister, Jennie Dunn, will be the head liners at Shea's next week. This will be the first time in four years that Mr. Dunn and his sister have appeared together. Miss Dunn in private life is Mrs. Ezra Kendal. Since her retirement from the stage Arthur Dunn has never succeeded in finding a partner as good as she was. Recently Mr. Dunn decided to play a few weeks in vaudeville before opening under the management of Klaw and Erlanger. With Arthur Dunn and his sister, the sketch entitled "A Messenger Boy" ought to be the laughing hit of the show. Other good features are announced, including Mr. and Mrs. Perkins Fisher in a rural sketch, Fields and Wolley, German comedians; Elizabeth Knight, vocalist, and the Rixfords, acrobats. The kinetograph pictures will include the great "Futurity" of 1902.

Arthur Sidman's "York State Folks," which comes to the Grand next week, is a play of the "Way Down East" and "Shore Acres" type, but said to be much superior to anything in that line. These plays are always popular in Toronto and doubtless this new one will be no exception. Realism of a homely and appealing kind is the keynote of the play. Amongst other features, a surprised boys' choir is introduced in the production.

Mr. E. S. Williamson's "Evening with Dickens," to be presented at the Conservatory Music Hall next month, has attracted large audiences in United States cities. At Dayton, O., Association Hall, which seats one thousand, was crowded to the doors, many people standing throughout the entire lecture.

Mr. Frank Yeigh will open his season with his new picture travel talk, on "Canada's Golden West," in Association Hall on October 20th. This annual entertainment is deservedly popular, and always attracts a crowded house. The subject is a timely one in view of the deep interest in the West.

The next attraction at the Princess, for the first half of next week, is the Grace Cameron Opera Company in "A Normandy Wedding." The company is under Mr. F. C. Whitney's proprietorship.



Voice (from the hold)—Noah, are the children all right?
Noah—Yes; they are not in any trouble.—"Judge."

Outdoor Sports.

IDEAL weather favored the championship polo match at the Toronto Hunt Club on Wednesday afternoon, and great interest was manifested in this exhibition of a game so new to Canada but so tried and approved in India and in England. The opposing teams were as announced on Wednesday morning:

Toronto—Ewart Osborne, Major Williams, Captain Emsley, Dr. Campbell Meyers, Umpire, A. O. Beardmore, Montreal—A. E. Ogilvy, G. Simard, W. W. Miller, C. A. Beaudouin, spare man, George Hooper. Umpire, Captain Wainwright.

I regret that the match occurred too late in the week to come in for a description in this column. That it would be worthy of extended notice and that polo is bound to attract an increasing measure of attention there can be no doubt. It is essentially a gentleman's game, and besides is more stirring than either Rugby or lacrosse.

Secretary Hall's annual report of the bowling and batting averages of the Toronto Cricket Club during the season now closed makes interesting reading. At the commencement of the season Mr. J. W. Woods, president of the club, offered for competition bats for the best bowling and batting, to be awarded to the best batsman and bowler of the season who had not competed in the annual match against the United States. Of the members in this class who played over ten innings P. E. Henderson made 111 runs in thirteen innings, twice not out, with an average of 10.09 per innings. In bowling, the bowlers who bowled over fifty overs and had not played against the United States, H. J. Martin bowled fifty-five overs, of which fourteen were maidens, for 113 runs, with an average of 5.94 per wicket, for nineteen wickets. In addition to the prizes given for batting and bowling, Mr. Woods also gave a bat for the best all-round work of the season. This prize was unanimously awarded to Mr. H. Lowndsbrough. During the season the club won twenty-five matches, lost eight and drew five, and the competition in the City League for a trophy offered by the president of the Rosedale Cricket Club was won by the T.C.C. without losing a game.

Is it true that money was freely used by Buffalo in the attempt to keep the Eastern League baseball pennant from floating over Toronto's grounds? The statement has been repeatedly and openly made, and the directors of the league cannot afford to let it pass unchallenged.

Pittsburg simply walked off the lot with the Eastern League champions on Tuesday—and this with sticks they had never handled before. Evidently the Easterners do not play the same class of ball as the two big United States leagues.

As usual, the C.L.A. intermediate championship is being fought out with protests as well as lacrosse sticks. For most of the clubs that do business under the C.L.A. it seems to be the utmost impossibility either to "go straight" or to accept the results on the field.

How "Buffalo Bill" Got His Name.

IN Colonel Inman's volume on "The Old Santa Fe Trail," Colonel Cody ("Buffalo Bill") tells how he surprised an army officer and a party of his friends, who were out on a pleasure jaunt, hunting buffaloes. He writes:

"I observed five horsemen coming out from the fort who had evidently seen the buffaloes I was after from the post. They proved to be some newly arrived officers in that part of the country, and when they came up closer, I could see by the shoulder-straps that the senior was a captain while the others were lieutenants.

"Hello! my friend," sang out the captain; 'I see you are after the same game we are.'

"Yes, sir; I saw those buffaloes coming over the hill and as we were about out of fresh meat, I thought I would go and get some," said I.

"They scanned my cheap-looking outfit pretty closely, and as my horse was not very prepossessing in appearance, having on only a blind bridle, and otherwise looking like a work horse, they evidently considered me a green hand at hunting.

"Do you expect to catch those buffaloes on that Gothic steed?" laughingly asked the captain.

"I hope so, by pushing the reins hard enough," I said, said the captain. 'It requires a fast horse to overtake the animals on the prairie.'

"Does it?" asked I, as if I didn't know it.

"Yes; but come along with us, as we are going to kill them more for pleasure than anything else. All we want are the tongues and a piece of tenderloin, and you may have all that is left," said the generous man.

"I am much obliged to you, captain, and will follow you," I replied.

"There were eleven buffaloes in the herd, and they were not more than a mile ahead of us. The officers dashed on as if they had a sure thing on killing them all before I could come up with them; but I had noticed that the herd was making toward the creek for water, and as I knew buffalo nature, I was perfectly aware that it would be difficult to turn them from their direct course. Thereupon I started toward the creek to head them off, while the officers came up in the rear and gave chase.

"The buffaloes came rushing past me, not a hundred yards distant, with the officers about three hundred yards in the rear. Now, thought I, is the time to 'get my work in,' as they say; and I pulled off the blind bridle from my horse, who knew as well as I did that we were out after buffaloes, as he was a trained hunter. The moment the bridle was off, he started at the top of his speed, running in ahead of the officers, and with a few jumps he brought me alongside the rear buffalo. Raising my old trusty gun, Lucetta Borgia, to my shoulder, I fired, and killed the animal at the first shot. My horse then carried me alongside the next one, not ten feet away, and I dropped him at the next fire.

"As soon as one of the buffaloes would fall, my trusty steed, Brigham, would take me so close to the next that I could almost touch it with my gun. In this manner I killed the eleven buffaloes with twelve shots; and as the last animal dropped, my horse stopped. I jumped off to the ground, knowing that he would not leave me—it must be remembered that I had been riding him without a bridle, reins, or saddle—and, turning around as the party of astonished officers rode up, I said to them: 'Now, gentlemen, allow me to present to you all the tongues and tenderloins you wish from these buffaloes.'

"Captain Graham, for such I soon learned was his name, replied: 'Well, I never saw the like before. Who under the sun are you, anyhow?'

"My name is Cody," said I.

"Captain Graham, who was considerable of a horseman, greatly admired Brigham, and said: 'That horse of yours has running points.'

"Yes, sir; he has not only got the points, he is a runner and knows how to use the points," said I.

"So, I noticed," said the captain.

"They all finally dismounted, and we continued chatting for some little time upon different subjects of horses, buffaloes, hunting, and Indians. They all felt a little sore at not getting a single shot at the buffaloes; but the way I had killed them, they said, amply repaid them for their disappointment. They had read of such feats in books, but this was the first time they had ever seen anything of the kind with their own eyes. It was the first time, also, that they had ever witnessed or heard of a white man running buffaloes on horseback without a saddle or bridle.

"I told them that Brigham knew nearly as much about the business as I did, and if I had twenty bridleless they would have been of no use to me, as he understood everything, and all that he expected of me was to do the shooting. It is a fact that Brigham would stop if a buffalo did not fall at the first fire, so as to give me a second chance; but if I did not kill the animal then, he would go on, as if to say, 'You are no good, and I will not fool away my time by giving you more than two shots.' Brigham was the best horse I ever saw or owned for buffalo chasing."

Licensed to Drink.

SHOW your license or we can't sell you a drink! That is the way the barkeepers of the enlightened city of Rochester now greet the wayfarers who line up to the mahogany with a well-deserved, nut-brown thirst. Instead of trying fruitlessly to wipe out the liquor evil by imposing a \$1,000 license on the saloonkeeper the good people of that thrice-dreaded city, and of the entire county, which is one of the wealthiest in the United States, have raised the siege of Fort Whiskey and have turned their guns on the consumer. After this every thirsty citizen of Rochester who desires to absorb any fermented drink, whether wine, plain Scotch, a highball or every-day steam beer, must first tie him to the City Hall and take out a license. This license to drink costs rich and poor, clubman, hod-carrier and blue-eyed "snak" alike \$5 each per quarter, or \$20 for a year's indulgence. This idea of licensing the drinker instead of the saloonkeeper is a unique one, and the success or failure of the experiment will be awaited with breathless interest by the rest of the country. If it proves to be a success both as a revenue raiser and a promoter of temperance, we may look to see it introduced everywhere.

Think what it would mean were such a system introduced into Toronto. Men who heretofore have never known the joy of having \$5 in their hands all at once would have to get a job at least three days out of every three months. When John Henry omits to order the sack of flour and the halfton of coal we shall hear as an excuse, "My license was due to-day."

It is not clear from the news item whether this individual license scheme involves merely a license to drink, or to get drunk. If the latter, the policeman who rings for the black wagon to gather in the unsteady citizen will not wait until he arrives at the city prison to search the clothes of the wobbly one, but will go through him on the spot. If a paper empowering John Doe, in consideration of \$5, to imbibe all sorts of malt and spirituous liquors at any and all times and to get drunk on same if he so elects, be found on his person, no arrest will be made, and it will be up to the blue-coated minion of the law to apologize to the said tanked-up citizen. On the other hand, the man who is caught taking a nip without being able to show that he has first squared it at the license mill will suffer the obloquy of a heavy fine or a few days in the House of Meditation, or both.

If the execution of the ordinance requiring all tipplers to be licensed be left to the honor of the barkeepers, of a verity those hard-worked tossers of highballs will be sorely tempted. It would require the fortitude of a stoic to shove back the coin and say to the row of thirsty ones, "Where are your license tags and your numbers? Show me."

The Trials of the Bookmakers.

THE bookmaker at the race tracks is the natural prey of the public, the owners, and the trainers, and this alert and clever turf financier really does more to pay the freight for the entire racing institution than is generally supposed. He must be even-tempered and polite under the most trying circumstances, and for him to strike a blow in the betting ring, no matter what the provocation, would mean his instant expulsion from all tracks in the country. The bookmaker's privilege for the season on the Woodbine track is sold out to one man for a certain sum, say from ten to twenty thousand dollars, who sublets to the bookmakers for one hundred dollars a day. Besides this expense the bookmaker must pay twenty-five to thirty dollars a day for sheetwriters, cashiers, and runners, and about five dollars for "tools," which must be bought from the association. All this goes into the treasury of the Jockey Club, and a mighty sum it amounts to in a year. When one considers the admission fees, the forfeits, and other income of the racing association, one need not worry about dividends if lucky enough to hold stock in one of the big tracks. While it sounds nice to read about wealthy men lending their names to racing, and the good it does the breeding interests of the country, the rich men find enjoyment and big profits from their investments.

A Wise Man From the East.

How He Was Guided Through the City's Maze.

A TUESDAY morning paper contained a report of an interview with the Hon. G. H. Murray, Premier of Nova Scotia, and being thus apprised of the presence of this Eastern statesman in the city, a representative of "Saturday Night" sought him at his hotel in order to obtain from him a photograph required for use in a forthcoming publication, and incidentally to get an impression of the personality of the distinguished stranger. For as both distinguished and a stranger Mr. Murray may be truthfully described. A party leader, whose following in the Legislature of his province embraces all but two of the members, must certainly have either great ability or great luck. In either case he must be an interesting figure—the more so when, as in Premier Murray's case, he is a young man, and a man little known to his fellow Canadians outside of his own corner of the Dominion.

The impression made by the gentleman who navigates the ship of state at Halifax (the figure, though trite, is full of "local color") may best be conveyed by an unembellished narration of what occurred.

"Is the Hon. Mr. Murray still here?" was asked of the hotel clerk.

"Yes, there he is coming towards you," and turning round, the newspaper man saw a stalwart figure moving somewhat hesitatingly, as if seeking no special destination and rather abashed by unfamiliar surroundings. The face surmounting the broad shoulders of the "Blue Nose" bore out the same idea. It was a pump face, bare as a milk bowl, and floridly suggestive of boyish jollity and easy manners. Thick, rimless spectacles protected a pair of near-sighted eyes that looked out upon the world with an expression of mingled diffidence and inquiry. Mr. Murray pulled at a cigar that had burned more on one side than the other. He wore a long and unbuttoned morning coat, of heavy woollen material, and his hat was a soft black felt. Altogether his appearance was rather that of a prosperous agriculturist than of a man of the world.

The newspaper man presented his card. The statesman fumbled awkwardly with it for a moment, and said, "Come over here and sit down." On the way "over there," the statesman hesitated once or twice, and looked around the roundabout, explaining, half apologetically, that he was looking for a friend. The friend was evidently not to be seen, so Mr. Murray and the interviewer seated themselves and the former commenced to explain what he wanted. He had got no further than the second or third sentence when the gentleman from Halifax interrupted. "Say," he confided, "I want to go to the Parliament Buildings. I'm due there at a quarter to one." As it was now half-past twelve the newspaper man thought the statesman wanted to shake him; but not so, for the latter immediately continued in an anxious tone: "How can I get there? Will a car take me?"

"Yes, you can get a car right at the door."

"Can I? Perhaps I'd better order a cab. Do you think it would be better?"

"Well, maybe a cab would be nicer."

"How can I get a cab?"

"Why, just order one at the office—they'll have it here in a jiffy."

"I'll go and get one, I guess; just you wait here," and the big, boyish man, who orders the affairs of a province but did not know how to order a conveyance, went to the counter and said something to the clerk. Then he came back and sat down, and the newspaper man was again attempting to explain his mission, when a bellboy came and said that there wasn't a cab to be had for another hour.

"Queer place where you can't get a cab," exclaimed the statesman, quite disconcerted. "What had I better do?"

"I guess a street car's the only thing," said the newspaper man.

"Will you put me on the right one? I wish you'd come along with me. I mightn't find my way."

The scribe said he would be very happy to see the gentleman to his destination, and together they left the hotel. An Avenue road car came by and together they climbed into a back seat.

"Will they let me smoke here?" asked the statesman, taking his cigar stub in his fingers as if preparing to cast it into the roadway as some tangible proof of crime.

"Sure. You can smoke here all you want to."

"That's good! Are you sure this car will take us right?"

Just then the conductor came along to collect fares. The Hon. Mr. Murray fished a quarter out of his pocket.

"Give me two tickets," said he to the man with the "coffee-pot." The conductor took the quarter and handed back a strip of blue tickets. Two of these the statesman tore off, and handed the other four back. "What are these for?" asked the conductor. "I just wanted two," explained the statesman. The conductor smiled. "They're no good to me," he said, "once you've torn 'em." "Humph, queer place where you've got to buy a quarter's worth of tickets every time you want to use a street car," commented the visitor. "Oh, you can keep them and use them again," explained the newspaper man; "maybe you'll need 'em before you leave the city." Meanwhile the conductor was patiently waiting for the two tickets to be placed in the fare box, and as the stranger evidently did not know that this was the place for them, to relieve an embarrassing situation the newspaper man took out his own ticket-book and slipped a couple of yellow pasteboards into the box, at the same time getting transfers to the College street line.

During the trip to the Parliament Buildings Mr. Murray talked entertainingly and sagely of many things—of the political situation in Ontario and in his own province, of the Coronation, which he had attended; of the rapid growth of Toronto, of the wealth of Ontario—of a hundred and one topics suggested by passing objects and the association of ideas. If he is disconcerted and ill at ease amidst the unfamiliar bustle of a strange city, as his demeanor constantly suggested, his conversation proved him none the less to be an observant and level-headed man. Halifax, of course, is a very different town from Toronto, and it may be that the contrasts of custom are sufficient to account for Mr. Murray's apparent rusticity. When the scribe put him down at the right corner the visitor thanked him profusely for having shown him the way. Every city has its peculiarities, which can only be learned by experience. But it was certainly both surprising and funny to find a public man apparently so lacking in "savoir faire." How on earth did Mr. Murray manage in London? No Exhibition visitor to Toronto during the past month could have been more innocent of the ways of the city than the Premier of the oldest province in the Dominion appeared to be.

This, in view of the fact that as a politician Mr. Murray is a distinct and indubitable success, suggests that mere "smartness" may not count for as much as we are prone to think. An affable and unaffected manner, a habit of thinking before speaking, the ability to reach sane conclusions and to state them in homely but expressive terms—all of which the Premier of Nova Scotia seems to possess—may be a surer foundation for a political career than clever tricks of thought or speech and a great degree of outward "shine." Mr. Murray is, in a word, a big, frank, soft, lovable, overgrown boy, and he doubtless inspires any amount of affection where a more brilliant person might command only icy respect or slavish fear.

LANCE.

The Prayer of the Cheerful Man.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

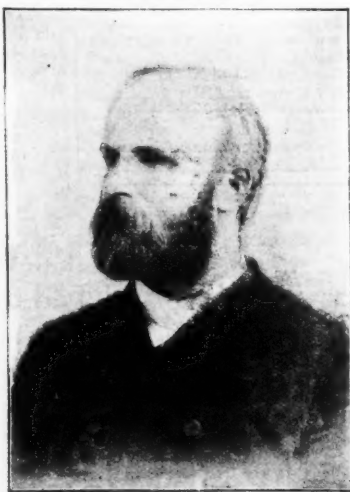
The love that, abandoning the Divine, clings to the human, is Divine still.



THE HOUSEHOLDER'S NIGHTMARE.

Watch For the Comet.

THE comet discovered at the observatory on Mount Hamilton, California, on the morning of September 1 is rapidly approaching the earth and becoming brighter every night. Its position in the heavens is exceptionally favorable for observation, and the object is visible during the whole night and will continue to be well displayed during the present and following months. The twelve days from September 14 to 26 the comet's distance decreases from 78,300,000 to 45,500,000 miles, so that the object is approaching us at the rate of nearly 3,000,000 miles daily. Its present position is close to the well-known variable star Algol in Perseus, and its motion is carrying it to the north-west at the rate of about one and a half degrees per day. After passing through Perseus, it will enter Cassiopeia and afterwards traverse Cygnus, rapidly increasing its velocity, and finally plunging down the western sky towards the sun's place. The comet will reach the nearest point in its orbit to the sun on November 23. It is difficult to say what definite increase will occur in the comet's brightness, for these bodies sometimes vary, both in their apparent lustre and form, in an unaccountable manner. It is now invisible to the naked eye, but will probably be seen without instrumental aid early in October, becoming much more conspicuous during ensuing weeks. It is only rarely that a comet appears which is so favorably presented in our sky as the present one.



THE REV. DR. BOND.

Elected Successor to Rev. Dr. Courtice as Editor of the "Christian Guardian."

A Sunken Treasure.

SOMEWHERE about the mouth of Chippewa Creek, hidden beneath the baffling blue of the River St. Lawrence, there rests a long lost store of gold and silver. The incidents surrounding the deposit of this treasure there constitute one of the most exciting pages of the history of the river which, during the early days of the country, was most prolific in stirring events.

Some time before the War of 1812 Samuel Patterson, a Yankee of old English stock, moved across the St. Lawrence River and settled with his wife and three children upon a farm near Kingston. An effort to compel him to enter the ranks of the British army on the outbreak of the war led to the discovery that he was a citizen of the United States, and his property was promptly confiscated. Taking his family, Patterson fled from his home just in time to escape being impressed into service, and came into the region of Chippewa Bay, where, on the banks of a small creek, he built a rude house. Smarting under what he deemed to be injustice and oppression, Patterson resolved to "get even" with the British, and for that purpose he organized a small band of free lances as brave and daring as himself, and from time to time they made quick sallies across the river, securing horses, supplies, and whatever they could lay their hands on that belonged to the British army. These incursions were a great annoyance to the Canadian outposts and in order to check them the Government offered a reward for Patterson's capture, dead or alive.

One crisp autumn night a party, consisting of Patterson, his brother "Ned," and two others, started out of the bay in a skiff to make a final raid on the British supplies. They pulled around the Chippewa Point, where they landed and built a fire, intending to wait there until the moon should go down before venturing too near the enemy's lines. When the fire had died out the other men lay down to get a few hours' sleep, while Patterson started through the trees toward the other side of the point to reconnoitre. He had lain in the bushes near the shore only a short time when he heard the cautious dip of an oar, and, peering out, he discovered a boat containing three men creeping up along the shore. His first thought was that they were British soldiers who had detected their fire and were looking up their camp. The men rowed along until they discovered a little eddy, and into this they turned their boat. Drawing it up they carefully concealed it with the overhanging limbs and started back into the woods in his direction. They went up a short distance until they were hidden in a clump of trees, when they halted and started a fire, around which they gathered to warm themselves. By creeping near, Patterson was able to overhear their conversation, and he was not a little surprised to learn that they were bank robbers, who were escaping with a large amount of booty taken in their last venture in Kingston. To think was to act with Patterson, and he edged away from the camp and made a detour for the boat. Reaching it, he found, carefully

covered in the bottom, several kegs of gold and silver coin. Quietly pushing the skiff off he got in and drifted out of the creek, when he took up the oars and pulled for the mouth of the creek. He found a place suited to his needs and sunk the treasure, and then rowed back, reached his boat and went to awaken his comrades. He told them of what had happened. They then embarked in their skiff and started for the Canadian shore. They had passed the center of the river, and Patterson was pulling vigorously at the oars, with perhaps less care than usual, when suddenly a rifle shot rang out in the stillness, and the oarsman fell back with a bullet through his heart. That one lone rifle shot in the dead of the night was all that they heard of the enemy, but that one shot had done its work, and Samuel Patterson's last raid had indeed been made.

Many a search his companions afterwards made for the hidden gold, and for many a day they dug in the banks of the creek, dredged the river bottom and explored the bay but without success. From that day to this it is not known to have been found. Many a river fisherman has gazed over the gunwale of his boat and longed for a diving rod to point him the way to sudden fortune. Somewhere in the depths it lies. It may be under the deposit of ninety years, or it may be where the erosion of the stream has kept it clear; but to all questionings the only answer thus far has been the merry gurgle of the waters, and, secure as the treasure of Captain Kidd, it rests to-day somewhere beneath the surface of Chippewa Bay.

The Mayor and the Stockings.

THE Mayor of a certain English port is telling a good story against himself which we venture to say cannot be outdone by either the present or any past Mayor of Toronto. The good mayor was, like every other mayor in England, accorded a special invitation to take part in the great function, and departed for London on the eventful evening, leaving the mayoress to discharge the duties of his position in the town on Coronation Saturday. On unpacking the bag which contained his official apparel on the Saturday morning at a London hotel, the mayor discovered that no less important an item than the black silk stockings had not been packed. In his dilemma he appealed to fellow mayors who were staying at the same hotel, but with no success other than a brilliant suggestion. Acting on that suggestion he interviewed the chambermaid. "Had she a pair of black stockings?" "Of course she had; was the gentleman making fun of her?" "You must let me have them," said the mayor. "Oh, but I can't," stammered the maid. "Why?" "Well, because I am wearing the only pair that is presentable." Eventually, after some rather delicate negotiations, the mayor received the stockings the maid had been wearing. And he wore them at the coronation of the King! The funniest thing about this particular story is that it is absolutely and literally true.

The Rights of Man.

AFTER all, the man should have a few rights, writes Christine T. Herrick in "Munsey's." Since he pays for the home and all that therein is, does it seem unreasonable that it should be managed in a fashion that will please him? The suggestion looks natural enough at the first glance, but it seldom takes material shape. If the average man had his way there would be no slippery floors with death traps of rugs sliding from under his feet, no shaded lights to lure him to break his shins on accursed few ottomans, no exclusion of sunshine in the interests of aesthetic effects and easily faded draperies.

The woman who has firm faith in her ability to make a man happy, feels that she has solved all problems by furnishing him a "den"—a well-named apartment, for in it the masculine beast could do nothing in reason but growl. Such a den! She knows what James wants, does this wife. He thought her drawing-room furniture was perfect—poor persecuted James!—and the den is in precisely as good taste. There is a polished floor, there are rugs and artistic chairs and heavy hangings. The whole place has a Turkish effect, and there is a low divan, into which James and his friends sink helplessly, with knees high in air, while they grope wildly for the cushions they vainly hope may serve as life preservers or give them at least a semblance of stability.

Then there is a beautiful cosy corner, with another divan and curtains draped above it, and various pieces of new and shiny armor put up in conspicuous places, and bright new swords and palpitably modern antique pistols and pictures—the pictures she thinks are suitable for a Turkish room. For James's own special comfort is a large chair, draped in



Coal Dealer—How do you want this coal delivered, sir?
Customer—Well, I'll take the coal in my pockets and you can send the bill over on the day.

a Bagdad curtain, which is in a roll in the small of James's back before he has been seated five minutes. It is worse than tidies! From this gem of an apartment gaslight is excluded, but there are shaded and "fairy" lamps and a general chiaroscuro calculated to induce early ophthalmia in the man who attempts to read there. The wife is so proud of it all, and feels herself so noble and self-sacrificing because she lets James be happy in his own way and smoke a briarwood pipe instead of the narghile for which she longs as the last touch of completeness. And in the midst of the glory and grandeur sits the poor creature for whose benefit it was composed, risking his eternal salvation by praising everything, while all the time his soul yearns for four bare walls, a floor that is carpeted all over or not at all, a plain easy chair, a blazing light, and an emancipation from the Orient.

The sacredness of the man's den is a lovely theory, but it is one that has seldom been sullied by any attempt at practice. In the abstract it is for him a calm and sure retreat from every stormy wind that blows from every swelling tide of woes. In the concrete it is a room into which everyone feels at liberty to turn from the chill splendors of the drawing-room, the noisy association of the family sitting-room. And yet men have had bestowed upon them the reputation of being selfish!

The Oyster.

NOW that the oyster season has arrived, a few remarks concerning this popular bivalve might not be amiss. Epicures naturally like to know what they are eating, and if those who are addicted to the oyster habit will follow this brief scientific treatise closely, they will be made familiar with the habits and eccentricities of the oyster.

The oyster belongs to the genus of lamellibranch mollusks of the third order monomya, and may be at once distinguished by the bilateral symmetry of the heterogeneous convexity. The labial ganglia are very minute, while the parietosplanchnic are well developed. We hate to say a thing like this about an oyster behind its back, but the truth may as well be told now, because someone would find it cut later, anyhow; there is no excuse for beating about the bush.

In spite of all the hard names applied to the oyster, however, it is considered one of the most toothsome dishes that comes out of the sea. A few fat oysters in the prime of life, seasoned to taste with salt, pepper, and a dash of vinegar, make a really appetizing repast; an oyster needs no other lubricants save the condiments mentioned above. If placed in the mouth it will be found that a well trained oyster will burrow its way down a man's gullet and into his vitals with the dexterity of a toboggan on a chute-the-chutes.

The oyster is a creature of sedentary habits. It will sit in the mud by the month at a time, thinking out beautiful and ennobling thoughts without assistance from outside sources. In addition it also possesses a great amount of persistence. The oyster never gives up; it will cling to a rock during the entire period of its existence without complaining or becoming discouraged. In fact, the oyster's motto seems to be, "Hang on!"

There are various humane ways of killing an oyster, all of which are highly commended by the clergy and by societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals throughout the country. For instance, an oyster may be stewed, fried, baked, steamed or pickled, according to the caprice of the consumer. If eaten raw an oyster should be stabbed before taking.

No Arbitration for Them.

At the recent meeting of the Trades and Labor Congress the Dominion Government's bill providing for compulsory arbitration of railway labor disputes was "turned down" hard.



Bill—Compulsory arbitration, eh? Well, I'm dead agin' that.

Bob—So am I; but why are we agin' it, Bill?

Bill—Because we're agin' bein' made do anything—keep our contracts, do right or do whatever we don't dern please. That's why, an' a mighty good why, too!

Tight Money.

ONCE, up Muskoka way, a man heard his mother-in-law's voice re-echo twenty-eight times, and died.

Well, tight money has just about the same effect on the stock market bulls, who fade away one by one, like the last rose of summer, when the tight money season sets in. It is somebody else's nightmare, too. When the poor, tired juggler of quotations—the stock broker—goes home at 3 o'clock after doing so much good in the way of making green lucre for the public and none for himself, he lies down on his couch of lamb's wool with an easy conscience and dreams of Tennyson's "Sunset and evening star and one clear call for me." A few minutes later, however, the poor, weary soul is rudely awakened from his financial slumber by "one clear call" from the combined bank managers, who chant with unanimity peculiarly their own, "Please take notice that on and after this date the rate of interest on your call loans will be 6 per cent, instead of 5 per cent." Now "6 per cent. money" is classified as tight-money and a bearish factor. The bulls may at first try to bluff it out, but sooner or later, like screwing your hands down in a letter-press, "its effects will be felt." The bulls lose heart, and "O joy," the bears, waiting their chance, null their profits out of the fire, so long as "6 per cent. money" glitters and flitters like Old Sol on the financial horizon. Oddly enough, the great wheat crop out west proves a double-edged sword to the stock market each season. Its growth and maturity are used by the bulls as a trump card, but when money gravitates into the interior to move the crop, it makes "call money" scarce; the rate goes up, and in turn this is used by the bears as a right bower, too. Repeatedly for years this has happened, yet "lamb's" not done teething from Hamilton and other large cities will buy stocks against tight money, and, history repeating itself, they get cleaned out and go back to work with wise-looking optics, while the world wags on for another year, bringing with it grass for the tramp to cut in winter and snow for him to shovel in summer.

GOADBY.

What is the difference between a sewing machine and a kiss? One sews seams nice, and the other seems so nice.

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Yonge streets, Toronto.

Anecdotal.

A visitor to an asylum recently saw a
man cowering along the hall astride of a
stick. "Ah, ha," said he, wishing to be
pleasant, "I see you are having a fine
ride on your horse." "This isn't a horse,"
answered the lunatic, contemptuously.
"Not a horse—what is it, then?" "It's a
hobby," was the reply; "it was a horse
I could get off."

A long-winded visitor once asked Bis-
marck how he got rid of visitors who
bored him. "Why," said the chancellor,
smiling, "I have an arrangement with
my wife. When people stay too long, she
sends a servant to say that she
needs me." At that moment entered a
servant, saying that the princess would
speak with the chancellor. Bismarck
gravely made his excuses, and the bore
his exit.

A small boy in a Victoria County school
was asked by his teacher to write what
he knew about the peace in South Africa.
Result: "The Boers fought against Eng-
land, and Colonel Hughes went to Africa
and fought them. By-and-by everyone
thought it time to stop, but the Boers
wouldn't. So Colonel Hughes, who had
come back home, sent word he would go
and fight them again if they would not
make peace, and they did, providing he
would be their Governor." Which is
about as true as many accepted chapters
of history.

A committee once called on Wu Ting-
fang to request him to address a society
connected with one of the fashionable
churches of Washington. Casual men-
tion was made of the fact that the
youthful pastor of the church had re-
cently resigned, to enter upon a new
field of labor on the Pacific Coast. "Why
did he resign?" asked Mr. Wu. "Because
he had received a call to another church,"
was the reply. "What salary did you
pay him?" "Four thousand dollars." "What
is his present salary?" "Eight
thousand dollars." "Ah!" said the dis-
ciple of Confucius; "A very loud call!"

Six-year-old Tommy was sent by his

"The Book Shop."

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a special line at 15c. per volume, im-
ported from Great Britain. They are
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eldest sister to the grocer's to buy a
pound of lump sugar. After the prop-
rietor of the shop had served the little lad,
he engaged Tommy in conversation.
"Tommy," said he, "I understand there
is a new member of your family?" "Yes,
sir," replied the boy, "I've got a little
brother." "Well, how do you like that,
hey?" enquired the grocer. "Don't like
it at all," said Tommy; "rather have a
little sister." "Then why don't you
change him, Tommy?" "Well, we would
if we could; but I don't suppose we can.
You see, we have used him four days
now!"

Dr. Henry Van Dyke tells a story of
an old Irishman who was engaged in the
business of chicken-raising near Prince-
ton. One day a traveling man expressed
surprise at the use of so much cornmeal
at feeding-time, and suggested that the
meal be mixed with sawdust, insisting
that the hens would not know the dif-
ference. A few months later the travel-
ing man was again in the community,
and he asked if the new diet had been
tried, and what the result had been. "It
works beautifully," was the reply. "See
that old yellow hen? Well, I tried her
on half-and-half and she liked it so well
I changed it to all sawdust, and the last
time she hatched, three of the chicks
had wooden legs and a fourth was a
woodpecker."

George Stickney, who lives in Lancas-
ter, New Hampshire, has a boy who is
coming along like a three-year-old trot-
ter under training. Mr. Stickney asked
the superintendent of schools when it
would be advisable to send the boy to
school. The superintendent said that
the fall term would be a good time, but
advised Mr. Stickney to teach the lad
that two and two make four and how
the letters of the alphabet run before
he let him out. A short time afterward
the superintendent met the boy and
asked him if he knew his letters. "Sure,"
said the boy, "Well, sir, what is the
first letter?" "A," was the answer. "Cor-
rect," said the superintendent. "Now
what comes after A?" "All the rest of
the push," said the boy.

Two Englishmen were once discussing
with Mark Twain the old topic of Am-
erican humor as not appreciated by for-
eigners. "But are the English really so
obtuse?" asked one of them. "Obtuse!"
You can't get an idea into an Eng-
lishman's head with a surgical operation,"
declared Mark Twain. The questioner re-
mained in solemn thought for a moment.
Then he broke into a hearty laugh.
"Quite a delicious joke!" he exclaimed.
"Though, of course, if you were to open
the Englishman's skull you would kill
him, would you not?" Mark Twain
turned to the second Englishman. "What
did I tell you? He wants to know
whether it wouldn't kill him!" The
countenance of the second Englishman
was like a blank wall. "Wouldn't it?"
he queried.

"I have some of the toughest young-
sters in my class that you could well im-
agine," said a Sunday school teacher.
"On one occasion the lesson was about
Joseph being sold into bondage by his
brothers. When I arrived that Sunday,
a couple of the boys were there ahead
of me, and I overheard their conversa-
tion. They were talking about the les-
son. 'Dis is a dandy story to-day,' said
one. 'It's all about a little boy wot was
killed, an' dey took a coat wot belonged
to a feller named Joseph an' dipped it
in his blood.' 'See! Dat must be great!'
agreed the other. 'Dat must be sorter
like a dime novel.' I had some difficulty
in interpreting the passage, 'And they
took Joseph's coat and killed a kid and
dipped the coat in the blood.' They had
construed the word 'kid' to mean a little
boy."

Amongst the stories now coming out
of young King Alfonso's recent tour of
Spain is the following: At the cathedral
of the old town of Oviedo, the bishop
was showing the king the jewels, one of
these being an ancient Gothic cross
called the Angels' Cross. "Why is it
called so?" enquired Spain's sixteen-year-
old monarch. "Because, it is said," re-
plied the bishop, "the angels made it as
a reward for Alfonso the Chaste." "That's
all very well," remarked Alfonso;
"but what foundation have you for this
belief?" "None, sire. The time of leg-
ends is past." Further on the bishop
called the king's attention to a small
antique chest which was locked. Tradition
says that whoever opens this chest
will die suddenly. The king, with the
abruptness of youth, exclaimed, "Well! I
don't mind opening it." And the bishop,
imitating the independent spirit of the
sovereign, answered, "Nothing do you
majesty; and if I have failed to do so
before it is because—the key is missing!"

William B. Hornblower, a prominent
New York lawyer, told a good story the
other day, as follows: In England, it is
said, politics and the judiciary are never
mixed. The same thing is said of this
country. There is sometimes, however,
a slight affiliation, especially in New
York. Not long ago an influential voter
in a certain district in my city was ar-
raigned in police court on the charge of
assaulting an Italian. The prisoner in-
voked the influence of his district leader,
who invoked the kindly consideration of
the court in behalf of the accused.
"What's the charge against this man?"
asked the judge after he had talked
with the district leader. "Hit a dago
over the head with a club," answered the
policeman who had made the arrest.
"Six months," said the judge. "Six
months for me friend Finnigan?" asked
the district leader, who was standing
near the bridge. "No, no," replied the
court, "for the Italian." "Ah, now, your
honor," chimed in Finnigan, "you're a
brother of a judge, sure, but the dago's
dead." "Sentence remitted during good
behavior," said the judge gruffly. "Next
case."

It Is Not Too Late to Catch Up.

ANOTHER INSTALMENT OF "SIR
ASTLEY'S WIFE," A CAPTIVATING
STORY, IS ON PAGE 4 OF THIS COPY
OF "SATURDAY NIGHT."

His Promise.

"Dear," she said, during an interval of
comparative sanity, "promise me one
thing." "Anything," he answered with
the recklessness of love. "After we have
been married a reasonable time, if we
decide a divorce is desirable, promise
that my brothers, who are struggling
young lawyers, shall represent us."—
Philadelphia "North American."

Raining Again!

THE holiday season of 1902 will prob-
ably live in history as about the
dampdest ever remembered. There
has been a trifle too much weather. If
you went away for a holiday you could
only go out in the air on the understand-
ing that you came in every hour or so
to change your clothes, and the average
young man at the seaside does not usu-
ally take a dozen suits or so with him.
If you went out for a walk with a girl,
you had to give her all the umbrella,
and about every hour or so you would
have to cut the damp, moist, unpleasant
promenade short, with the announce-
ment that the rain had soaked through
to your chest protector once more, and
you were afraid you'd have to go home
and change again. If you went on the
pier and on the rocks with your best
girl to listen to the crashing of the
tide, half the time you were occupied
with noticing the splashing from the
umbrella that broke on the edge of your
collar, and then trickled drearily but
persistently down your backbone.

Besides, the girls get so cross when
it's wet all the time. A girl is, of course,
very fond of her best young man, and
all that sort of thing; but if you are
holding the umbrella so that some of the
raindrops fall on her new hat, she will
probably mention it. With emphasis.
After all, she can get a new ones any-
where, but if it's a new boarding-house, where
as you can't have a new hat with forget-
me-nots and things in it every day for
the asking. The trouble, too, is not al-
together from above. There is the state
of the roads. Of course a girl doesn't
object to being obliged to hold up her
skirt a little, but when you step into a
puddle unawares and make a bit of a
splash, the girl will usually grow posi-
tively dismal. She can't very well ex-
plain why to you, because you're not
supposed to know that she wears stock-
ings, but when you go and splash them,
in your clumsiness for some distance
above the ankle, it's really most annoy-
ing. And more annoying still is it for
the dear girl to have to explain to you
that she wasn't splashed at all, just be-
cause the splashes can't be seen, and it
isn't likely she's going to show them.

If during the holiday season you have
been tempted, in a sudden spurt of sun-
shine, to take your best girl and her
maiden aunt out for a little row, it has
been pretty sure to start raining again
as soon as you were well out. A little
bit of the sort makes a really
happy holiday. Although you may be
a fair oarsman, you probably cannot pick
up, all at once, the knack of rowing a
tub-like boat, with two people in it be-
sides yourself, at a rate of twenty miles
an hour. Anything less in the way of
speed will, however, be extremely un-
satisfactory to ladies so situated. They
will begin by asking you to make haste,
as if you could pull back to the shore in
a couple of minutes or so. Then your
girl will complain that she is getting wet,
throug, and drops a sarcastic hint that
if she knew how to row she would take
the oars from you, and show you how
the thing ought to be done. Then the
lady's aunt will take up the running.
Incidentally she will point out that the
young man in the distance, who has a
boat all to himself, started at the same
time as you did, and is now half a mile
ahead. Meanwhile you will be practi-
cally laying up for yourself a chronic heart
complaint by your heroic efforts to give
satisfaction in your trying position.
Presently the maiden aunt will take up
another attitude. She will observe that
the ceaseless rain is forming a pool at
the bottom of the boat, and she wants
to know what will happen if the boat
fills before you get back to the shore.
As she gets more and more dismal, she
will probably say that she hopes she is
prepared to die, but as she has paid for
her board at the hotel in advance, she
would like to live the week out. About
this time your girl will probably begin
to cry, and thus round off a really de-
lightful outing on the shimmering sea.

The chief excuse for a seaside holiday
is the opportunity it affords for a little
extra open air exercise; but the weather
during the past season has rather cur-
led the sentiment of the thing all up. The
only circumstances under which you have
been able to meet your best girl in de-
fiance of the wet have been during bath-
ing hours; and if you have had the luck
to visit a place where mixed bathing was
not permitted, the boatman has prob-
ably had something to say about it. As
some astute person once remarked, mor-
als are merely a question of geography.
At some seaside places you can meet
your lady friends in the water and even
teach them to swim; at other places you
are held guilty of all the cardinal sins
if you go within twenty yards of the
gais.

Heartburn.

A Very Common and Very Painful Sym-
ptom of Indigestion.

This disease is sometimes known to
medical men by the name of Acid Dys-
pepsia.

It is really the result of the fermenta-
tion in the stomach of food that has
been only partially digested.

Fermentation is in reality a kind of
decomposition which produces gas.

This gas fills the stomach, distending
the walls.

The pressure of the gas, and consequent
distention of the stomach up-
ward, frequently interferes with the ac-
tion of the heart, causing palpitation.

Smokers are usually very subject to
heartburn.

If not corrected this disease will surely
terminate in chronic dyspepsia.

Many people make a serious mistake
in using soda as a relief for heartburn.

The alkali will certainly neutralize the
acid, and thus relieve the fermenta-
tion, but soda is very injurious to the
stomach, and has been known to lie for days in
the bowels, where it frequently causes
much distress.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are a safe
and sure cure for heartburn, as well as
for all other stomach derangements.

Heartburn is an impossibility if there
is perfect digestion.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets insure per-
fect digestion, and thus absolutely cure
heartburn.

An ounce of prevention is worth a
pound of cure.

Don't wait until your heartburn has
grown into chronic dyspepsia, but cor-
rect it at once.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have cured
very many cases of chronic dyspepsia,
but it is easier and cheaper and better
in every way to root out the sapling,
heartburn, than it is to root out the full
grown tree, dyspepsia. Don't wait.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited

Dorothy Dodd
TRADE-MARK

The "Dorothy Dodd" is precisely the sort of shoe that women have been
seeking for many a day—a shoe that throws one's weight when walking on that
part of the foot which is best able to resist the strain. Then, too, the "Dorothy
Dodd" is an attractive shoe, even elegant, made in 21 styles—price, **\$3.75**
per pair.

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Several distinguishing features about
our fur scarfs and muffs. They're made
from selected skins and stylishly cut—
mind your style is not the least important
feature. The beauty of many a good
piece of fur is marred by poor cutting.
It is generally conceded that this store's
furs are smartly cut and elegantly
finished.

Natural Alaska Sable Scarfs: full,
fluffy collar, 8 choice tails, special.
Natural Alaska Sable Muff: full, round
shape, rich, lustrous fur, special.
each..... **\$10.00**

Other Scarfs \$7.50 to \$65.00.
Other Muffs \$7.00 to \$30.00.

Rich Fur Jackets

There is one thing certain about our
Fur Jackets, which is that every bit of
fur in their make up is representative of
the best that can be procured—inferior
skins were eliminated entirely by the
expert, who had the choosing of
furs for this store—then as to
styles, you'll find them extremely hand-
some.

Electric Seal Jacket, best quality, stylish New
York cut, lined with black
satin and handsomely finished
all through, special..... **\$30.00**

Persian Lamb Jacket, best quality, rich, lustr-
ous cut, Stone Marten collar, deep
Stone Marten storm collar, eleg-
antly made, lined with black
satin, special..... **\$115.00**

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited 17 to 31 King St. East. Toronto. 10 to 16 Colborne St. Toronto.

Help For Mothers.

Baby's Own Tablets Are What You Need
When Little Ones Are Cross, Fret-
ful and Sleepless.

If a child is cross, fretful and sleeps
badly the mother may feel absolutely
certain that some derangement of the
stomach or bowels is the cause. And
she can be just as certain that Baby's
Own Tablets will put her little one
right. These Tablets cure all the minor
ailments of little ones, such as indiges-
tion, constipation, simple fevers, diar-
rhea, worms and teething troubles.
They are guaranteed to contain no opiate,
and can be given with absolute
safety to the youngest and most feeble
child. Every mother who has used them
speaks of these Tablets in the warmest
terms. Mrs. E. Bancroft, Deerwood,
Main, says: "I have used Baby's Own
Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles,
for simple fevers and teething, and I
think them the best medicine in the
world. They always strengthen children
instead of weakening them as most other
medicines do."

You can get Baby's Own Tablets at
any drug store, or by mail postpaid at
25 cents a box by writing direct to the
Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brook-
ville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.



Baseball Term Illustrated. "A Safe Hit."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All
druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.
E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Mr. Tellit's Opinion.

MR. TELLIT glared at his paper and
crumpled the margin nervously
between his fingers. He shrugged
his shoulders and writhed in his chair.
He growled, "Bah! It makes me ill to read
such things."

Mrs. Tellit looked around slowly, for
her mouth was full of hairpins and her
switch was only half fastened on, and
she did not want to "do it all over
again," because she was already late for
the start for the theater.

"What did you say, dear?" she asked.
"I say it makes me ill to read such
things," replied Mr. Tellit, making angry
jabs at the paper with one finger. "Such
things as are printed here."

All Mrs. Tellit could see was a large
picture representing "Honorable Some-
body-or-other" and some black-face type
announcing, "Says he was cured in one
month after ten years' lingering illness."

"Don't read them, then," she advised.
"Miss Murray, the psychological teacher,
says that much of our bodily discomfort
is caused by auto-suggestion, and—"

"There's a whole lot of it caused by
automobiles, for that matter," inter-
rupted Mr. Tellit, "but that isn't the
kind of illness I mean. I mean such
things as this."

And he waved the page before her
eyes, pointing feverishly at a brief arti-
cle which stated that a successful for-
eign musician—a man—had been mobbed
by an audience of young women.

"Oh," mumbled Mrs. Tellit, twisting
away at her back hair, "that's nothing.
Lots of girls go crazy about pianists."

"If you are going to talk to me, take
those hairpins out of your mouth and
quit sputtering as if your wires were
crossed. I think it's a good deal more
than nothing, if that is what you were
trying to argue."

Mrs. Tellit removed the hairpins from
her lips and placed them on the dresser.
"I said," she remarked, "that there
was nothing surprising about such ac-
tions on the part of those young women.
It is simply another manifestation of
psychological autohypnosis, as Miss Mur-
ray explains it. Just as I said a few
minutes ago. In the case of these young

women, they were not impressed to any
extent by the pianist, but they were
lifted out of themselves—"

"Their fathers ought to lift them out

"Why, Henry?"

"I'll bet if it was a girl of mine—"

"Wait one moment, dear, until it is
explained to you. These young women
are wrought upon psychologically by the
mysterious influence of the music, until
their subliminal selves are brought into
dominant control of their material con-
sciousnesses, and they seek to manifest
their delight by paying homage to the
visible exponent of the art which has
enraptured them."

Mr. Tellit stared long and earnestly at
his wife. He picked up the paper again,
looked over the article once more, then
roared.

"Wrought upon psycho—! I'd show
'em how to be wrought upon! Suppose
I and a lot of other men would get our
subliminal dampfoolishness lifted to the
dominant lunatic chords of our beings,
and would make a V-rush for the stage
to-night, and seek to kiss the fair cheek
of the lady who does the trembling hero-
ine stunt! Suppose we should grab her
by the hair and yell honeyed nothings at
her, and show our general hysterical get-
up with us! Huh! Away to the police-station
with us! And you'd be right there at
the desk when the little blue wagon
dumped us out before the sergeant, to
tell him my real name and address, and
advise him to get me a good long sen-
tence, as I was a dangerous man and a
menace to society! Huh!"

And all the way to the theater Mr.
Tellit kept muttering to himself, with
an occasional "huh!" that made his wife
sneaker in a most un-Delsarte manner—
W. D. Nesbit in "Judge."

Infatuation.

Berlin.—The Crown Prince's infatua-
tion continues. His Highness insists
that he will marry an "American" or die
in the attempt. Yesterday an adven-
tured chaperon the vigilance of the guards
chewed gum noisily under the
Prince's window. His Highness at once
called down to her: "I perceive you are
an 'American.' Will you be my wife?"
"Why, cert," replied the woman. It was
pointed out to the Prince that a genu-
ine "American" girl would have said: "Aw,
chase 'yself!" But his Highness is quite
blind to the imposture. The Kaiser is
most prostrated, his total output during
the past twenty-four hours being only
six tragedies, fourteen comedies, two
symphonic poems, twenty-three trilogies
and eighty-five historical novels.—"Life."

A Possible Industry.

The title of a book should be one
which can be readily remembered, easily
spoken and adapted to attract attention,
thinks the New York "Times." It ought
not to be hard to meet these conditions,
but how many authors meet them? To
give a book the name of a man or wo-
man is easy, but it is only a sneaking
way of escaping the responsibility of
finding a real title. "Two On a Tower,"
"Many Inventions," "Kidnapped" are
all admirable titles, since they fulfill the
conditions just named, and are, more-
over, found, after the books to which
they belong are read, to be eminently
appropriate. Still they are not ideal
titles, for they lack the merit of marked
originality. There is room for a new
profession—that of the manufacture and
sale of titles. Why should not some
man make a study of the subject and
prepare titles which can be sold at a mod-
est price to authors who have written
new books? It would be a relief to the
author of a new historical novel if he
could send to the title bureau and ask
for a list of suitable titles. If the bu-

Charming Silks
and Dress Goods

Among the most popular silks for this
season are those with lace stripes
—crinkled effects are also in vogue—
these have an intervening solid satin
stripe. We show both weaves in the
delicate color tones—soft pinks, blues,
pale greens, mauve—also the darker
shades. The lace stripes have alter-
nate stripes of Dresden figures and are
decidedly smart for waists. Prices,
\$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 yard.

In the dress materials there's a decided
leaning towards Tweeds, Camel's-Hair
Effects, Homespun and Canvas Weaves
for tailor-made costumes. There is also
a liberal call for the light, clinging fab-
rics, such as Crepe de Chenes, Voiles
and E'olienne—chiefly for dressy cos-
tumes. We have a magnificent range of
tailor-made goods, ranging from 50c. to
\$2.00 yard—the lighter fabrics from 75c.
to \$2.25 yard.

Our Mail Order Department will send
samples to any address in Canada.

The Deacon's Fall.

The scorching, motoring swift and fleet,
Ran into Deacon Brace;
The scorching fell some forty feet,
The deacon fell from grace.
—Portland "Journal."

Sunday School Teacher.—And so Let's
wife was turned to salt. Can anyone tell
why? Wicked Willy (from the rear)—
She was too fresh!—Harvard "Lam-
poon."

Faces
That
Freckle

should be treated
with our mar-
velous re-
medies.
"Freckle" and
"La Beaute
Bleach" (\$1.50 the two). Ladies whose
beauty is marred by these ugly blemishes
will be surprised at the marvelous results
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OUR FACIAL MASSAGE is matchless
for rendering the complexion youthful and
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Special attention given to Diet and Mas-
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Physicians are solicited to correspond
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DOMINION BREWERY CO.

LIMITED
BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Woman's Failure in Her Sphere.

WOMEN who choose to stay in the home will be glad to know that the men are coming to their relief. So says Charlotte Teller, in an interesting article in "Everybody's Magazine." Miss (or Mrs.) Teller starts off with the cheerful declaration that "woman has failed in her own peculiar sphere"—she has "never made any apparent effort to change her environment by inventing ways and means; consequently her work is still disorganized and generally inefficient." But man is hurrying to her rescue. He "is undoubtedly bringing order out of a domestic chaos by taking the various household occupations into the business world." It would be pleasant to record that he is doing this from a sense of gallantry, but it would not be true—he is undertaking the work for business reasons, and for those reasons he is almost sure of success.

Man has taken weaving out of the home and put it into the factory, and he has taken over the manufacture of well nigh every article worn by every member of the family, from hats to shoes. He has solved the lighting problem, doing away with the troublesome kerosene lamps, and has developed the modern laundry, robbing wash-day of its old time horror. To quote further:

"When man stepped over the kitchen threshold he showed his daring. But his excuse was again a valid one; it paid him to do it. He began to buy fruits and fish in great quantities; vegetables were grown far from the home of the probable consumer and sent either canned or crated in refrigerator-cars which had come into being with the demand for them. Prepared foods for those who must cook before hurrying off to work in the morning, delicacies for the epicure, and health foods for those who have acquired conscious digestion from too great unconscious exertion, were put in the markets."

"The tendency of all occupations to leave the home has never been regarded as dangerous, yet it means that man is robbing woman of her sphere. He is freeing labor in the home and calling for more of it upon the market-places and in the factories. Woman will answer the call and step into the industrial open with the assurance that her presence is needed there more than in the household, because man has stepped into her place in the laundry, the kitchen, and the sewing room. He is doing his work better than she ever did it, because he is working on the principles he has found to underlie good results in any trade—division of labor and organization. When he has undertaken a domestic problem, he has looked it squarely in the face, and if the equipment was not equal to the demands of the situation, he has invented new and improved machinery. He has learned the value of co-operation between man and man, and between man and machines, whereas woman is as strongly individualistic with regard to her bread and wash-tubs as though there were no such thing as advance possible."

St. Catharines' Well.

A Place Famous Among the Indians Before Canada Was Settled.

THE summering of the campers and cottagers, and even of those dwelling in the best hotels in Muskoka, during the past season, must have been to the majority of them a disappointment. The season was so cold and wet and the provision for warming the houses so inadequate that the chief enjoyment was found in huddling around a smoky fire. Of course this has been an unusual season, with but few days of weather which would not incline the average person to stay at home. Of course it is pretty generally understood that when people want a change they must take a long trip, though it is a tedious one, and wind it up by jolting over rough roads to some little lake difficult of access, there to live in a cramped-up cottage on food which they would despise at home. It is doubtful if the ordinary Muskoka cottager, except in most delightful weather, can make it pleasant for the ladies of the party. It is fairly good for men fatigued by mental tasks and for children who can romp and splash and get fat on almost any kind of food while living in the open air. Except those who possess unusual luxuries, ranging up in Muskoka affords very little rest for the tired mother and housewife, who, were it not for the sake of the men folk and the children, would rather be at home behind closed shutters and taking long and peaceful sleeps.

Habit has much to do with the selection of a place in which to rest and recuperate. Both women and men should bear in mind when they are taking a holiday largely intended for the good of their health, the benefits of selecting a place where their regular tasks will not occur to them in any shape. Those who, with family cares should leave the family in charge of somebody else and go where the food is well cooked and there is no thought of what shall be on the table to-morrow, how it is to be obtained, or how prepared. After all, there is nothing like a good hotel or sanatorium for real restfulness and a beneficial change. Nor is such a place necessarily to be sought at a distance. Ontario has many undeveloped or partially developed places, but in the majority of instances the hotels are anything but first-class, and the owners of private houses have not yet learned the knack of giving their lodgers a chance to rest. For the first time in many years the writer failed to take his annual trip to Muskoka or the northern lakes, trying instead, accompanied by the portion of his family who were content with so short a trip, with the most satisfactory results, what is now known as the St. Catharines Well, the leading waters of which have long been the summer resort of people from the Southern States, whose presence there exemplifies the old saying that "distant hills look green."

St. Catharines, but a couple of hours from Toronto, is too near by to be attractive to the health or pleasure-seekers of this city who do not know the charm of the country which lies about that little city, which is only eleven miles from Niagara Falls and connected with it and the electric road which runs from Queenston to Chippewa by a trolley line which finds its way through as charming and picturesque scenery as can be found on this continent. Another trolley line runs to Port Dalhousie, where one lands from Toronto when going by boat. The scenery along this road is also delightful. The city itself is beautiful, being the center of the garden



"A Retired Army Officer."

From Death's Door.

An Ottawa Man's Wonderfully Narrow Escape.

He Was in Convulsions and the Doctors Told His Wife He Could Not Live Till Morning, but He Recovered.

Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 22. (Special).—At 309 Gilmore street, this city, there resides a man who has been nearer the hour and article of death than anyone who has been privileged to live to tell the story.

He is Mr. George H. Kent, a printer in the employ of the Bank Note Company of Wellington street.

Some seven or eight years ago Mr. Kent was seized with Bright's Disease, which gradually grew worse, till he had to quit work, and was confined to his bed, where he remained for some months.

Physicians were in constant attendance upon him, but instead of improving, he gradually grew worse and worse. At last he got so low that his body became terribly bloated, and his skin like tanned leather. He had convulsions which increased in frequency, and the intervals between these spasms found him so weak that he was barely conscious.

One night after a particularly bad spell the physicians told his wife that he could not live till morning.

A messenger was despatched for a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, which were immediately brought to the dying man.

Mr. Kent did not die. On the contrary in about two months he was at work again in the shop, and has not since been off work for a single day.

Mr. and Mrs. Kent are naturally very grateful, and as a mark of their gratitude have called a sweet little girl born to them some two years after Mr. Kent's remarkable recovery by the name of "Edna Dodd's" Kent.

Mr. Kent has made a sworn statement, reciting the details of his case and his cure.

Rapids at Night.

Here at the roots of the mountains, Between the somber legions of cedars and tamaracks, The rapids charge the ravine: A little light, cast by foam under starlight, Wavers about the shimmering stems of the birches;

Here rise up the clangorous sounds of battle, Immense and mournful, Far above curves the great dome of darkness, Drawn with the limitless lines of the stars and the planets. Deep at the core of the tumult, Deeper than all the voices that cry at the surface, Dwells one fathomless sound, Under the hiss and cry, the stroke and the plangent clamor.

(O human heart that sleeps, With rushing dreams and deep with sadness!) The abyssal roar drops into almost silence, While over its sleep plays in various cadence

Innumerable voices crashing in laughter; Then rising calm, overwhelming, Slow in power, Rising supreme in utterance, It sways, and reconquers and floods all the spaces of silence, One voice, deep with the sadness, That dwells at the core of all things.

There by a nest in the glimmering birches, Speaks a thrush as if startled from slumber, Dreaming of Southern rice-fields, The mottled glow of the amber sunlight, Where the low ripple roves among the reeds.

Above curves the great dome of darkness, Scored with the limitless lines of the stars and the planets; Like the strong palm of God, Veined with the ancient laws, Holding a human heart that sleeps, Wild with rushing dreams and deep with the sadness, That dwells at the core of all things. —Duncan Campbell Scott, in "Atlantic Monthly."

The Royal Family as Anglers.

AMONG the mass of anecdotal matter recalled by the coronation of King Edward VII., Canadian sportsmen are interesting themselves in reminiscences of the lack of skill as an angler displayed by the King when, in the course of his progress through the Dominion in 1860 as Prince of Wales, he visited some of the best fishing waters of Canada.

The late Senator Price took the Prince on a trip up the Saguenay to the St. Marguerite River, the present preserve of the St. Marguerite Salmon Club, and then, as now, noted for the abundance of its salmon and trout. A few small trout were, however, all that the whole party could boast of. Mr. Price hooked a large salmon for the Prince and gave it to him to land, but his attempt was not successful. The Prince had not had sufficient practice in salmon fishing to enable him to kill a large fish.

The official historian of the tour notes that "it was not for the want of advice; there was plenty of that. Everyone called out what to do, and, as a matter

of course, everyone suggested a different mode from everybody else, so that His Royal Highness was bewildered, and the salmon proved the truth of the old proverb, that 'in a multitude of counsellors there is safety'; and, breaking the line, got clear away."

Many Canadian fishermen can testify from personal observation on the Restigouche and Caspédia rivers to the clever angling of the present Prince of Wales and of his aunt, the Princess Louise, now Duchess of Argyll. The cottage built for her on the banks of the Caspédia is still standing, and the pool in which she killed her largest salmon still bears her name. It was while visiting her in Canada that the present Prince of Wales and his late brother, the Duke of Clarence, proved to Canadian anglers their skill with the fly rod. The Prince of Wales has, indeed, been called the angler-in-chief of the Royal family, and both in dexterity and luck he recalls his late uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh.

Queen Alexandra is well known as a keen disciple of Isaac Walton. The Alexandra fly, which has been called after her, is so deadly a killer on some of the Old Country streams that its use on many of them has been absolutely forbidden. This remarkable fly was not, as sometimes supposed, invented by the Queen, but by Dr. Hobbs. It was originally known as the Lady of the Lake, and this name was abandoned for its present one because of the success obtained with it by the then Princess Alexandra. In America it is less known as a salmon fly than as a successful lure for large trout.

In fact, it may not properly be called an artificial fly at all, being intended as a vague imitation of a minnow, and it was originally intended to be cast and played minnow fashion just below the surface of the water. Its coarse green hackles partly enclose a bright silvery body, glimpses of which are given to the fish by allowing the line to run with the current and then drawing it back up stream by short, sudden jerks, which open and close the hackles.

King Edward's daughter, the Duchess of Fife, is devoted to angling, and spends much of her time at the sport, accompanied by her daughters, while the Duke is away deer-stalking. Fishing is the favorite amusement, too, of the little sons of the Prince of Wales, and they were recently quite proud of their own killing to the King, and another brace to their own parents.

It is Not Too Late to Catch Up.

ANOTHER INSTALLMENT OF "SIR ASTLEY'S WIFE," A CAPTIVATING STORY, IS ON PAGE 4 OF THIS COPY OF "SATURDAY NIGHT."

Alexandre Dumas' Figured Shirt.

THERE is no more characteristic story in Mr. Arthur Davidson's admirable "Alexandre Dumas: His Life and Works" than that of Dumas' deserted sick bed. It is so pathetic, so droll and so entirely Dumasque! And it goes to show that genius can afford to go to almost any length of eccentricity in dress and behavior.

"One day in Paris writes Mme. Mathilde Shaw, I found Dumas in bed—in his study converted into a bedroom—and very sorry for himself. He was very poorly and unable to take anything but a decoction of lime-juice and barley-water. The servants had all gone out and left him alone. 'I have been calling in vain for Nathalie to bring me some barley-water,' he complained, and begged me to get him some. The kitchen was deserted and the fire out. However, I managed to make up some fire, and brought him what he wanted. He drank it, and was very grateful to me. His face was in a sad state—some skin eruption, which made it all swollen and shiny. But he informed me he had to get up and go to a reception at some ambassador's that evening. I could hardly believe that he was serious, and told him that, in his present condition, he was not fit to meet anyone. 'Nonsense,' he said, 'just look in that chest of drawers and see if you can find me some linen and a white tie.' I looked, and searched thoroughly; the total contents were two night-shirts, a black waistcoat, a pair of flannel drawers and a red tie. 'It is monstrous,' he exclaimed, 'the way they neglect me when I am ill! How on earth am I to get dressed?' Then, after reflection, he added, 'Just look, child, in

that writing-desk, indicating the drawer where he used to put his gold when he had any. I looked, and found it completely empty. To convince him, I brought the drawer, and showed it to him. 'Ah,' he said, with a sigh, 'yes, I remember.' Then he asked me if I had any money with me, and could lend him a little. 'Just enough to get me a dress shirt,' he explained, 'and if you would be so very kind as to take a cab at once, and go buy me one. But be sure and don't come back empty-handed.' But in the few shops open at that hour Mme. Shaw failed to find a white shirt large enough for the portly Dumas. Indeed, the only shirt procurable was one whose white ground was used merely to throw into relief 'bright red devils jumping about in flames of yellow fire,' intended as a striking design for some 'bal costume' of the Quartier Latin.



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that writing-desk, indicating the drawer where he used to put his gold when he had any. I looked, and found it completely empty. To convince him, I brought the drawer, and showed it to him. 'Ah,' he said, with a sigh, 'yes, I remember.' Then he asked me if I had any money with me, and could lend him a little. 'Just enough to get me a dress shirt,' he explained, 'and if you would be so very kind as to take a cab at once, and go buy me one. But be sure and don't come back empty-handed.' But in the few shops open at that hour Mme. Shaw failed to find a white shirt large enough for the portly Dumas. Indeed, the only shirt procurable was one whose white ground was used merely to throw into relief 'bright red devils jumping about in flames of yellow fire,' intended as a striking design for some 'bal costume' of the Quartier Latin.

"I opened the parcel, Dumas gazed for a few moments in blank horror upon those scarlet devils and those yellow flames. Then, as the storm follows the calm, he burst into one of his frantic passions, but subsiding soon to the necessity of the case, he recalled me from the door, and, saying curtly, 'Well, I shall have to wear it,' he bade me wait, and went into the dressing-room to make his toilette. Before long he reappeared clad in his dress suit, the low waistcoat of which displayed to full advantage the peculiarities of the shirt front. Having donned the red tie—the only one available—Dumas, sulky and silent, got into the cab and drove off to the reception."

A few days later a note came from him asking the lady to call, as he had much to tell her. On arriving she found him recovered and radiant. "You would hardly believe it," he said, 'but my costume was an immense success. Everybody thought that it was an original idea of my own. They all thronged round me and made much of me.' 'What about the red necktie?' 'Oh, that was another success! It was supposed to be a souvenir of my friendship for Garibaldi. On the whole, I had a most delightful evening.'

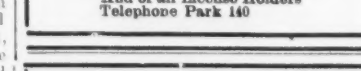
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THE opinions expressed last week in this column as to the position in Canada of the church organist seem to have been received with interest and general approval by the musical profession. I have several letters on the subject, making various comments, but not intended for publication. It is pointed out that the salaries of church organists in Toronto are often really less than they profess to be, on account of the necessity in many cases of leading singers in the choir being paid for their services by the organist. It would be undoubtedly a franker method of church book-keeping, to say the least, if the remuneration given to solo singers were to appear in the church accounts for the year, instead of being included in the salary of the organist. An organist who is supposed to receive \$1,000 a year, but who has to pay for solo singers, is no better off than the musician in charge of a choir who gets \$400 a year from a small congregation, and has to pay for solo singers. The musician's ambition to give a pretentious musical service.

Another practice that is complained of by organists is an injustice that in many churches the music committee selects some member of the choir who may happen to sing respectably, and hands over to him for a fixed sum the charge of the music. Such a person generally calls himself a choirmaster, and he hires an organist at as low a rate as possible, in order to make as much out of the "job" himself as possible. It is even said that the choirmaster has often about one-quarter the musical knowledge of the organist who is made his subordinate under this system.

Speaking of organists and church music committees, a transaction once came to my knowledge which goes to show that a committee of Christians may possess a degree of smartness that, carried into the conduct of ordinary business, might provoke very uncomplimentary criticism. There was once, not so long ago, in a place not many thousands of miles from Toronto, a church that wanted an organist. The music committee of the congregation advertised for applicants for the position, and a large number of candidates replied, a few of them hailing from localities from twenty to fifty miles distant. The committee were, of course, puzzled how to select the best man from so many competent organists, and they got out of the difficulty by inviting each candidate to take charge of the musical service for one Sunday, so that the congregation and the choir would have a practical test of efficiency to guide them in making the appointment. This innocent device enabled the committee to supply the church with its music for nearly six months for nothing. It is whispered that most of the organists who gave their services gratuitously in this way never had the slightest chance of getting the appointment. A few of the candidates who were very anxious to make a favorable impression came to town from places twenty to forty miles away on the Friday preceding their test-Sunday, in order to have one or two rehearsals with the choir, and were allowed to pay their own railway fare and hotel expenses. One can only hope that the procedure inaugurated in this case will not be imitated, or, at any rate, that no self-respecting organist will in the future consent to give a Sunday musical service under similar conditions.

Kocian, the young Bohemian violinist who has been engaged for a tour this season in the United States, and possibly Canada, was a fellow-student with Kubelik at the Prague Conservatory of Music. He is only eighteen years old, and already his technique is said to be almost as phenomenal as that of Kubelik. I have just come across the following story, which may be an advertisement, but possibly is true: "While in Prague last winter Kocian, the young Bohemian violinist, in company with a friend, the Baron von Stern, happened to drop in at a music store, the proprietor, a well-to-do individual, being the possessor of many fine violins, one of which, a Joseph Guarnerius, he prized highly. Kocian asked permission to try the instrument, and his playing so charmed the old dealer that he vowed no one else should possess the Guarnerius. Twenty-five thousand guilders (\$10,000) was the price quoted, and Kocian, procuring a refusal for a short period, left for London. On arriving there he was overwhelmed with delight after reading the following telegram from his father: 'Baron von Stern just delivered the Joseph Guarnerius, to be forwarded to you with his compliments and good wishes.'

George Lehmann, who conducts the violin department of the "Eude," publishes a batch of entertaining letters from ambitious young musicians who need advice. They are all good, but perhaps none of them surpasses this: "I shall be very grateful to you if you will kindly have the kindness to answer these few questions: (1) What must one do if the E string squeaks and makes horrid noises? (2) I buy the best strings, and I'm sure it can't be the violin, as mine is a beautiful one, which my papa gave me for a birthday present and paid \$50 for. (I am 19 years old.) (3) I am very ambitious and want to travel same as other artists who visit our town every winter. But my repartee is not very large, and I know I must be able to play lots and lots of hard pieces to make a sensation in a city like New York. My best piece is the Legend by Wieniawski, and when I played it at the church festival last week the reporter on our leading paper wrote that there was not a dry eye in the whole audience and that my harmonies were grand. So will you please send me a list of difficult pieces that everybody can't play? They must not be longer than two pages each, as I have found out that my audiences like short pieces better than long ones. But if you do send me some that are longer than two pages, please show me the way to cut them down. (4) It is necessary, in large cities, for a lady violinist

to wear decolet? Two of my basques are cut very low. They are very becoming to me. Please answer as soon as possible, as I am very anxious to hear from you."

Miss Annie Matthews, pupil of Arthur Blight, favored the congregation of James Street Church with a beautiful solo on Sunday evening. She has a voice of much promise, her articulation being a feature of her singing.—Exeter "Advocate."

Much interest will no doubt attach to the scholarship propositions announced in another column of this issue by the Metropolitan School of Music. In addition to piano, vocal, violin and elocution scholarships, there is a special one for musical composition (for elementary and advanced competitors) known as the "E. B. Osler" scholarship. Teachers variously identified with the propositions are: Piano, the Misses Nellie S. Gausby and May Wookley, and Messrs. Arthur G. Oldfield, Peter C. Kennedy and W. O. Forsyth; Vocal, Miss Bertha Rogers, Miss L. Sauerman, Mrs. E. and Mr. L. Sajoos; composition, Mr. W. O. Forsyth; violin, Miss Kate Archer; elocution, Miss Lillian Burns.

The Toronto Junction College of Music gives the first concert for the season on September 30, in Kilburn Hall, when the following artists will give the programme: Misses Julia MacBrien, Kate Archer, Lillian Burns, Janet Grant, Harriette Rutherford, Margaret Nelson, and Messrs. Arthur Blight and John Bertha Rogers. An unusually large number of pupils have registered at the College this season and the class-rooms are taxed to their utmost. The good influence the College has exerted in the town in the cause of music is shown in the fact that a vocal society is to be formed immediately, with Herr Eugen Woycke as conductor. A meeting for organization of the society is to be held in the College hall on October 4.

The English basso, Mr. Samuel J. Bishop, principal bass of Exeter Cathedral, England, will make his first visit to this country next month. He has been able to obtain only five weeks' leave of absence, consequently will only be here for a fortnight, but most of that time has already been booked. Mr. Bishop, it is said, possesses a magnificent bass voice of great range, and his repertoire includes the standard oratorios and ballads. Mr. W. Spencer Jones has arranged to have with him upon his short tour the famous boy soprano, Master Danny Campbell, and Mr. William Buckley, one of the prominent organists and pianists of Canada.

The annual prospectus of the Sherlock Entertainment Bureau, just to hand, is a handsome booklet of 32 pages, beautifully illustrated throughout with halftones of the different artists connected with it, and printed in a most artistic manner. The halftones—done in new shades of brown—and the type—done in royal purple and printed in gold—combine to make the book a very attractive one. A striking group of artists is associated with this agency composed of some of the best professional Canadian concert talent before the public.

The Toronto College of Music announces in this issue the Public school scholarships given to pupils of all the Toronto Public schools. Also special scholarships open to all. The school scholarships are in piano, voice, violin. Application must be made at the Toronto College of Music, 12 Pembroke street, or the West End branch, corner College street and Spadina avenue.

According to the reported results of certain changes made in the Prince Rupert Theatre in Munich, it would appear that the acoustic properties of a theater are not a mere matter of chance, as has been popularly supposed for many years past. In the "Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung" for August 29, Otto Lessmann describes the alterations and testifies that "the orchestral sound has gained much in softness and refinement, without any loss of brilliancy. The individual parts of the body instrumental can now be distinguished even in the most complex polyphony, with surprising clearness. The brasses, which last year were hard and blaring, now have a soft mellow clang, while the mighty body of strings gives forth sounds which are ideally beautiful in forte as well as in piano. In a word, the improvement of the acoustics is astounding, and I believe that from the tonal point of view the Munich festival theater now equals that of Bayreuth."

Mr. Alfred Dolge, well known in piano trade circles in the United States, predicts that the piano branch of the department store has come to stay; that a piano for \$150 has really become a necessity, and that the time will come when a five octave piano, with a self-play attachment, will retail for \$250.

They have been having a short season of cheap opera at Covent Garden Theatre, London, and the result has surprised even the promoters, the Moody-Manners Company. It is reported that on the opening night the fifty cents public came with a rush and fairly frightened the cashier, who sent an urgent message for assistance. Seven operas were produced the first week and given a very creditable performance. The result is interpreted to mean that there is a large public for cheap opera in London, especially in the early autumn.

The publication in the London "Musical Times" of the official list of the members of the choir and orchestra actually present at the coronation will make it dangerous for enterprising managers to indulge in any tall lying as to their artists, either boys or adults, having sing in the coronation service. The list will be kept by many people for future reference.

"Mr. Pickwick," the production running this week at the Princess Theatre, calls for little comment. It is a musical comedy, refreshingly free from horse-play, with the music by Manuel Klein and the book by Charles Klein. It serves as an amusing vehicle to introduce several Dickensian characters and incidents with more or less verisimilitude, principally less. The music is open to the complaint that is made against most musical comedies of recent days—it reveals little originality or inventive power. The composer has, however, caught the English style in his score, and the hearer is thankful that neither rag-time

ditties nor the Sousa march movement is introduced. Miss Louise Gunning, the principal soprano, has a pretty, clear voice, and has allotted to her most of the best lyrics. De Wolf Hopper appears as Pickwick, and creates much amusement, and a similar remark applies to Digby Bell as Sam Weller. There is a good chorus of fresh voices, and the orchestra has been strengthened for the occasion.

In the Chinese "Recorder," which is the organ of the American Presbyterian Mission at Shanghai, there is an amusing note about the singing of the converts. When the missionary first started his labors at Shanghai the singing of the Chinese congregation was, he says, "a pandemonium of discord." So he got a supply of concertinas and, by setting about a dozen of these going at a time, he made the Chinese, to a certain extent, keep to the melody as well as to the time and pitch. An English critic, in commenting upon the fact, says that a choir of Chinamen accompanied by a dozen concertinas must have been even worse than pandemonium.

The only symphony by Tchaikowski that has been heard in Toronto is that known as the "Pathetic," otherwise No. 6. I notice that at a recent concert in London, at the Queen's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Henry Wood, the second symphony of the same composer, that in C minor, was played for the first time in the metropolis. The work is known in the Continent as the "Russian," owing to the employment as material of several Russian melodies. The "Daily Telegraph" gives the following sketch of it: "Tchaikowski's C Minor Symphony, which was first performed at a concert of the Russian Musical Society in 1873, is in four movements, and the first of these is preceded by an introduction in which a beautiful, but very melancholy theme, given out by the first horn, and heard again at the close of the movement, plays a prominent part. The allegro vivo is of strenuous character, the music, if occasionally somewhat too noisy, exhibiting strength and decision. Both in the opening movement and the finale Tchaikowski made use of Russian melodies. In the former he employed the air 'Down by Mother Volga,' which, associated with the Cossack marauder Stenka Razin, is a favorite ditty with Russian students, while in the finale he treated in variation form—and very effectively—the theme of the Little Russian song, 'The Crane,' also, by the way, dealing with an original subject in similar manner. A particularly interesting theme in the second movement—Andantino marziale—was taken by the composer from his own unpublished opera, 'Undine,' the score of which he destroyed. The coloring here is dark, but the music is equally quaint and impressive, and it quite took the fancy of last evening's audience. Next, the composer has written a scherzo that exhibits almost Gallic lightness of touch, and is consistently bright and cheerful. This must certainly be accounted a great improvement on the dull and empty scherzo of the First Symphony. But the last movement of the C minor is by far the best. Both the chief themes are good, the variations are taking, and there is plenty of life and rhythmic vigor about the music which presses on towards an exciting climax."

CHERUBINO.

It is Not Too Late to Catch Up.

ANOTHER INSTALLMENT OF "SIR ARTHUR'S WIFE," A CAPTIVATING STORY, IS ON PAGE 4 OF THIS COPY OF "SATURDAY NIGHT."

A Fad in Society.

THE latest fad of New York is "grain sketching." Ping-pong has been retired suddenly in favor of this latest pursuit, and now the lumber yards are set to work supplying carefully-planned boards on which the artistic social belles may gaze, and mayhap find hidden in the grain a picture drawn by Nature, which, if she have the true artistic eye, she accentuates with pen and ink, and brings into full blossom the beauties hidden in the lumber.

The hero of this latest fad—in fact, its discoverer, and, in consequence, now the pet of the society world—is John Theodore Bentley, well known to the world of art. He has made the discovery that in the grain of all woods there is a picture. The Bentley eye points it out, and then it is as plain as the lettering on a signboard. A woman or a man may see it with half an eye. The Bentley studio looks like a lumber yard, so littered is it with boards of all lengths and widths. When you turn them over, however, you find an art gallery. The grain has been "treated," and stories are told thereon. They are all destined to adorn the places where society dwells.

The craze might not be so bad if production along these lines were confined to Mr. Bentley alone, or to other artists equally as clever, but, not satisfied with securing specimens of this kind of work, the social beaux and belles are daily trying to become artists themselves. Hundreds of young women are hard at work trying to puzzle out pictures from pieces of cypress or a chunk of pine. And some of the results are wonderful to behold. It will not be very long before we see the "grain-sketching" face, though it is hoped that before that time society will have discovered something new.

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Social and Personal.

The marriage of Miss Agnes Strickland Vickers, daughter of the late John J. Vickers, to Philip Edward Mackenzie, barrister-at-law, of Rat Portage, and formerly of London, was performed in St. James' cathedral at 2.30 on Wednesday afternoon, by Canon Welch, rector of the church. The bride looked very bright and sweet as she entered with her second brother, Mr. William W. Vickers, barrister, of this city, who gave her away. She wore a gown of white satin, with flounce of rich Limerick lace, the bodice being encrusted with pearls. Her lace veil was once worn by her aunt, Miss Agnes Strickland, as bridesmaid on the occasion of an historic wedding. This was fastened with a diamond sunburst, the gift of an old family friend, and in addition she wore several diamond and pearl ornaments, gifts of the groom. She carried white roses and carnations, the latter flowers being in honor of the groom's association with the Kappa Alpha Society. The bridesmaid was Miss Janie Wallbridge, and Mr. S. Casey Wood, jr., was best man. Miss Wallbridge was gowned in white mousseline over pale blue, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and wore a white hat. The ushers were Messrs. Arthur A. Vickers, brother of the bride, Dr. Arthur Wright, Dr. Joseph Graham, and Mr. John Hobbs of London. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother, 172 Adelaide street west, during which Mr. Mackenzie made a particularly happy speech. At 5.30 Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie left to spend their honeymoon in the States. The bride went away in a blue and white chevot, with toque to match. They will make their home in Rat Portage.

A very pleasant progressive euchre was given on Tuesday evening by Mrs. Frank Baker of Madison avenue, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Baker of Dublin, who are visiting her. The rooms were prettily decorated, and a merry time was enjoyed by all. The head prizes were won by Miss V. McArthur and Mr. Pringle, and the euchre prize by Mrs. Tom Hall. Among the guests were:—Mr. A. and the Misses Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Gundy, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. A. Rolph, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Postlethwaite, Mr. and Mrs. Howson, Mr. and Mrs. Wickham, Mr. Bridges, Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Boys, Miss Darby, Miss Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Grundy, the Misses McArthur, Mr. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. W. Postlethwaite, Mr. Chester, and others.

Wednesday afternoon, at the residence of the bride's father, 362 Parliament street, Mr. John H. Paine was married to Miss Anna Dale by Rev. A. H. Baldwin. A large number of friends were on hand to see the ceremony performed, and judging from the congratulations of the guests, and the handsome presents received, a happy future is in store for the newly-married couple. Mr. Paine's employers showed their appreciation in suitable gifts to the bride and groom.

Mrs. Parkyn Murray will receive for the first time Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, September 30th and October 1st, at her apartments in the "St. George," and afterwards on the first and third Tuesdays of the month.

Mrs. Frank D. Anderson has rented her home and will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. McHardy, 47 Howard street, and will receive, as usual, the first and third Mondays.

Mr. and Mrs. George Baker, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baker of Madison avenue, sail for their home in Dublin on the "Tunisian" this week. Miss Estelle Holland of Montreal, who is the guest of Mrs. Campbell Reeves of St. George street, returns home this week.

Mr. A. Kelly Evans has returned from Murray Bay, where he has spent the last few weeks.

Miss Ida Smith got back to town the beginning of the week from Muskoka, where she was the guest of Mrs. Strange. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest W. Walker have removed from 32 Wilcox street to their new home, 67 Albany avenue.

Rev. Dr. Young of Winnipeg arrived in town this week and while here is to be the guest of Dr. Aikins.

Mr. Harold C. Davis will receive for the first time since her marriage at the residence of her father, Mr. Crane, 30 Walmer road, on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, October 1st and 2nd, and afterwards on the first and second Fridays of each month.

Mrs. Bishop of Yonge street has returned from a visit to New York.

Mrs. John S. MacKinnon, 48 Admiral road, will hold her post-nuptial receptions on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons and Thursday evening, October 1st and 2nd, and afterwards will receive on the first and third Fridays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kerr Brodie are settled for the winter at Mrs. Bradley's, 50 Maitland street.

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Social and Personal.

On Saturday afternoon of last week a very pretty wedding was celebrated at the home of the bride's mother, 131 Rose avenue, Toronto, when Marguerite, only daughter of the late Mr. James H. Hackland, formerly of Paris, Ont., was married to Mr. James Houston Spence, barrister, of this city. The bride looked charming, attired in a gown of French embroidered silk voile over cream tulle, and carried a magnificent shower bouquet of white roses and maidenhair fern. Her only bridesmaid was Miss Helen Young of Paris, who was becomingly gowned in pale blue crepe de chine, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The groomsmen were Mr. G. W. Spence, barrister, of Walkerton, brother

of the groom, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. T. Bradley Hyde, assisted by Rev. J. K. Unsworth of Hamilton. The bride's going-away gown was of coronation blue voile. After a sumptuous dejeuner, at which the best of wishes were offered and the heartiest of toasts drunk, the happy couple left on the evening train to spend their honeymoon in New York, after which they are to take up their residence in town. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful gifts, a number of which came with loving wishes from distant places.

A very pretty though quiet wedding took place at the residence of Mr. Robert P. Platts, 511 Sherbourne street, on Wednesday evening, the 24th of September, 1902, when his daughter Minnie

Adeline was married to Mr. Charles Edward Jenney, of this city. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Thomas, pastor of Jarvis street Baptist Church. The bride was tastefully gowned in bisque dotted silk crepe de chine over pink tulle, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. Miss Florence Platts, sister of the bride, was the bridesmaid, and wore a pretty gown of pink silk organdie. Mr. T. H. Barton, of this city, was the groomsmen. After the reception and wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Jenney left for the east, and will visit Washington, Philadelphia and Atlantic City before their return. The bride's traveling dress was of blue serge, with green toque and silk waist to match. The many presents included a very substantial gift from the groom in the form of a cheque. The out-of-town guests included Judge McIntyre and Mrs. McIntyre, of Whitby; Mrs. A. B. Jenney and daughters of Southampton, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Leeson of Berlin.

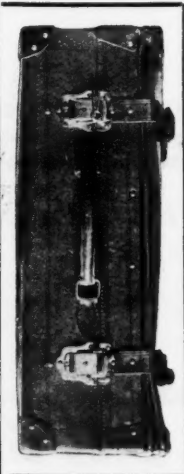
Mr. F. S. Challener and Mrs. Challener have returned to Toronto, after a six months' sojourn in New York, and will reside here for the winter, having taken a house at 38 Wilson avenue, Parkdale. Mr. Challener again occupies his studio at 43 Adelaide street east, and is busy finishing up his decorative panels for the steamer "Montreal" and the new Russell House, Ottawa.

On Wednesday, September 24, a quiet wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Johnston, 88 Huntley street, when their eldest daughter, Alice Myrtle, was married to Mr. J. Harry Dodgson of this city, formerly of Montreal, by Rev. G. M. Milligan, D.D. The bride, dressed in a rich gown of ivory Louise silk over tulle, and carrying a bouquet of white roses, was charming. She was attended by her sister Nellie, while Mr. E. Graham Johnston was groomsmen. Only immediate relatives were present. After dejeuner Mr. and Mrs. Dodgson left for New York, the bride being attired in a green travelling suit. On their return they will reside in London, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Jones were the host and hostess last Friday at a large and ultra successful At Home held on the very fine lawns of the Victoria Club. The tea table was laid on the lawn and was very attractive with its quantities

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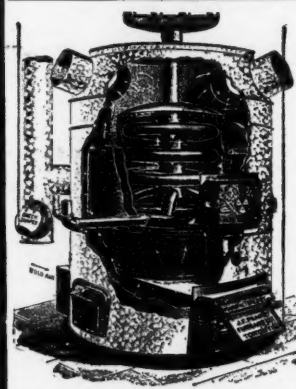
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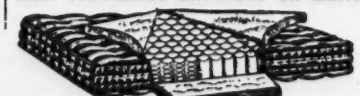
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Births.

Sinclair—At 94 Concord avenue, Toronto, on Saturday, 20th September, 1902, the wife of Donald L. Sinclair, barrister, of a daughter.
Carroll—At Port Elgin, on 8th Sept., 1902, the wife of W. H. Carroll, a son.
Warren—At 55 Walmer road, Toronto, Thursday, Sept. 18, to Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Warren, a daughter.
Boulter—At Bellevue Hospital, Toronto, on Sept. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. John H. Boulter, of Brampton, a son and daughter.
Innes—At Simcoe, Sept. 18, Mrs. R. L. Innes, a daughter.
McLaren—Sept. 20, Pittsburg, Pa., Mrs. W. F. McLaren, a daughter.
Corley—Sept. 21, Toronto, Mrs. Seymour Corley, a son.
Freshwater—Sept. 19, Toronto, Mrs. H. C. Freshwater, a son.
Nourse—Sept. 19, Chicago, Mrs. Charles G. K. Nourse, a son.
Clark—Sept. 17, Toronto, Mrs. W. J. Clark, a son.
Smart—Sept. 18, Alton, Mrs. J. G. Smart, a daughter.

Marriages.

Calder—Jamieson—Sept. 17, Toronto, Edward B. Calder to Agnes Jamieson.
Malcolm—Scott—Sept. 17, Toronto, Augustus Grant Malcolm to Mary Isabella Scott.

Walker—Robertson—Sept. 17, David J. Walker to Margaret Notman Robertson.
Wyatt—Begg—Sept. 18, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, Harry Flaggate Wyatt, of Toronto, to Henrietta Farquharson Begg, of Lochnagar.
Spence—Hackland—On Saturday, Sept. 20, 1902, James Houston Spence, barrister-at-law, Osgoode Hall, Toronto, to Marguerite, only daughter of the late J. H. Hackland, formerly of Paris, Ont.
Stinson—Ellbeck—Sept. 17, Newcastle, Charles McLean Stinson to Ida May Ellbeck.
Christie—Clarke—Dec. 26, 1901, Toronto, Fred J. Christie to Edith H. Clarke.
Race—Jefferys—Sept. 18, Toronto, Frederick Race to Rose Jefferys.
McLay—Whit—Sept. 17, Toronto, R. Campbell McLay to Nellie Whit.
Dodgson—Johnston—Sept. 24, Toronto, J. Harry Dodgson to Alice Myrtle Johnston.
Reeves—Macdonald—Sept. 20, Toronto, Campbell Reeves to Helen Augusta Beatrice Macdonald.
Barr—Baldwin—Sept. 23, Toronto, Rev. A. Fordyce Barr to Elizabeth Mary Baldwin.
Dodd—Cox—Sept. 24, Toronto, Joseph James W. Dodd to Violet Ethel Cox.
Bird—Hughes—Sept. 23, Parkdale, Christopher Bird to Beatrice Hughes A. Hughes.

Deaths.

Hurst—Sept. 23, Toronto, Elizabeth Hurst, Mathieson, of Toronto.
Gurd—Sept. 17, Cranbrook, B.C., George Gurd, aged 57, formerly of Toronto.
Burns—Sept. 23, Toronto, Mrs. N. M. Burns, aged 78 years.
Frogley—Sept. 23, Eglington, Marianna Frogley, aged 23 years.
Stephens—Sept. 22, Toronto, Mrs. E. Stephens.
Stewart—Sept. 23, Toronto, Mrs. Alexander Stewart.
Cerre—Sept. 21, Toronto, Harriett Cerre, aged 25 years.
Thompson—Sept. 22, Fernie, B.C., T. Carbert Thompson, aged 33 years.
McLaren—Sept. —, Township of Caledon, Alexander McLaren, late of Crown Lands Department, Toronto.
Day—Sept. 12, San Francisco, Cal., Thomas J. Day, Jr., Ph.D., aged 27 years.
Newbery—Sept. 18, 209 Davenport road, Henry J. Newbery, aged 62 years.
Curren—Sept. 18, Toronto, Alfred E. Curren, aged 39 years.

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